

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

## BUSINESS TRAINING AND OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN.

BY ANNE H. WHARTON.

MR. RUSKIN'S beautiful periods, in which he contrasts the guarded and sheltered existences of women in the domestic circle with the ruder lives of men, all struggling and grappling with fate in the outside world, are charming as revelations of his own chivalric

goddesses of the age of mythology, when confronted with the cold logic of statistics, from which we glean some startling facts with regard to woman's place in the world's work outside of her own home. For instance, in the United States to every one hundred men en-



ENTRANCE/COURT OF THE DREXEL INSTITUTE.

nature, and must for that reason endear him to the hearts of all true women. As representations of the general life of to-day, however, these pictures must take their places with those of the gods and

gaged in labor there are twenty-six women occupied in different kinds of bread-winning. In Philadelphia, fifty women to one hundred men are so engaged, and in twenty-two representative cities of

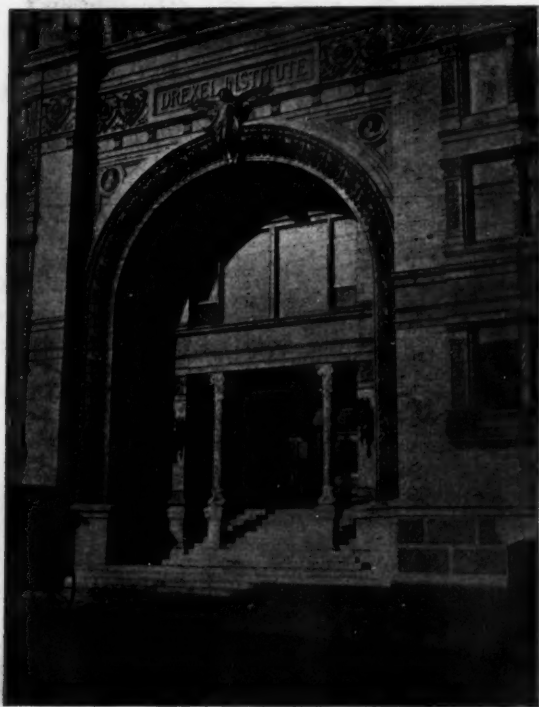
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the Union, women are employed in three hundred and forty-two industries. These naturally embrace a wide range of occupations, from dress and hat making to blacksmithing, barbering, and butchering. Why women should desire to enter into such occupations is difficult for the average woman to understand, and yet we learn that Miss Boyle, a young San Franciscan, not only became an expert blacksmith, but distinguished herself by inventing a very superior horse-shoe which was exhibited at the Mechanics' Institute. The West boasts some feminine barbers, and it has been reported, by meat dealers, that women make excellent assistants, handling and weighing meat with great accuracy and dexterity. A slight strain of conservatism—some persons might call it by the ruder name of old fogyism—leads us to confess that we prefer to think of women engaged in

other occupations than those of the blacksmith, barber, and butcher, yet if they elect to undertake such rough and blood-curdling vocations, it is satisfactory to know that they do their work well and receive commendation from their patrons. Clock and watch-making, locksmithing, and the construction of musical instruments and firearms, being occupations that require delicate manipulation, seem especially adapted to women, and we accordingly find that in some of these branches women are employed in greater numbers than men.

These statements, which are based upon the very best authority,\* are surprising in view of the fact that in 1840 only seven industries were open to women, nor are they adverted to now as an altogether hopeful phase of life. The question has been asked, and more than twice, by thoughtful men and women,

whether the result upon character will be, on the whole, satisfactory—whether both sexes will not lose something by this changing about of their occupations and positions in the world. It seems to be one of the inexorable laws of nature that there shall be no added good in life unaccompanied by its threatening ill, and the general apprehension seems to be that the characters of the women who take their places in the world side by side with men may suffer. Something of feminine helplessness and inconsequence, which have always had a certain attraction for the male mind, woman undoubtedly will lose if she sets herself to work with earnestness of purpose; but that the general structure of character will suffer we think doubtful, especially if such work is undertaken with the noble in-



CHESTNUT STREET ENTRANCE TO THE DREXEL INSTITUTE.

\*Chiefly that of Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of the Department of Labor.

centive of making herself independent, or of supporting helpless children or aged parents. If any ill effects upon character are to be apprehended, are they not to be looked for quite as much among men as among women? As doors are opened to women and they enter new arenas as workers, and come to be regarded as such, is there not danger that men may lose something of the fine chivalry and protecting care toward them that have long been the glory and honor of man-

shoulders by the absolute necessity of a large number of women putting their hands and heads to the world's work. When her children are crying for bread, few women are sufficiently philosophical to pause to inquire whether the fact of her engaging in typewriting, book-binding, factory work, or whatever else she is capable of doing, will have any serious effect upon the characters of the men and women of the next generation, her especial responsibility being to save from



MAIN STAIRWAYS AND ARCADES OF THE DREXEL INSTITUTE.

hood? The responsibility of supporting and caring for women and children unquestionably develop the finer traits in man, tending to make him strong, thoughtful, patient, gentle, and reverent. Whether men can afford to lose any such opportunities for development seems quite as serious a question as whether the characters of women will suffer from their contact with the world. Fortunately, the responsibility of the result of the present state of affairs is removed from our

starvation the small fraction of it intrusted to her especial care.

What has brought about such a state of affairs is a question to be settled by the political economist, whom we trust may display more gallantry than our original ancestor, and not lay more than *half* the blame at the woman's door. What shall be done to meet the emergency is a far more pertinent inquiry, and one that appeals to the philanthropist, whose methods of applying remedies are naturally more

prompt than those of the political economist.

The question of how women shall meet the new conditions of their lives intelligently, practically, and with the least detriment to their domestic character and functions has troubled the peaceful waters of many a life that might else have been given up to luxury and self-indulgence, and from such a stirring of thought has arisen many an angel of beneficence in the form of man or woman, whose ideas have finally crystallized into noble projects of helpfulness. First came the ladies' depositories in several of our cities, in which the work, more or less practical and of varying excellence, of decayed gentlewomen, so-called, was displayed and sold at something above the market price. Such institutions, good and useful as they were, and suited to the needs of the time, were followed by the more practical woman's exchange and decorative art establishments, where work accepted solely on its merits is sold at fair rates, and a bit of needlework or a painting is not considered any more superior because it was executed by a lady who had seen better days. Of such institutions we may say good, better, and best of all, is the working woman's club, guild, society—whatever we may choose to call it—which, by means of its evening classes, affords opportunities of education and improvement to girls who are engaged in bread-winning through the working hours of the day.

Of such clubs or societies there are a large number in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, which have of late been forming themselves into associations reporting to a common centre in each State, which union already foreshadows a national organization, reporting to a general bureau, and standing for the large helpfulness and strength that come from federation. These clubs and societies for working women, varying according to the needs of the communities in which they were organized, represent much more than appears upon the surface. Superior educational advantages, avenues for employment, and the social benefits

that come to working girls from meeting one another, and from associating with the women of cultivation and refinement who interest themselves in such organizations would seem to furnish a sufficiently valid reason for their existence. Beyond these, however, there lie some arguments that do not at first glance reveal themselves, namely, such associations as the New Century Guild of Philadelphia, the Thirty-eighth Street Working Girls' Society of New York, and the Shawmut Avenue Club of Boston have served to interest the public mind in the practical education of women, and have directly or indirectly led to the establishment of such noble foundations as the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn and the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia. All such beneficent schemes for improving the condition of the people come gradually to meet some need in the community, and are usually an evolution from some antecedent growth. We feel that we are safe in saying that such institutions as the Pratt and the Drexel would not have come to bless the working world, just as they stand to-day, had it not been for the experiments successfully made, on a small scale, in so many clubs and guilds for working girls all through the Middle and Northern States, notably in Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania.

The New Century Guild of Philadelphia, which now offers educational advantages to over thirteen hundred girls in its various classes, grew out of a few classes started in the New Century Club in 1880 in cooking, sewing, writing, and other practical branches. These evening classes, in which the prime mover and projector was Mrs. E. S. Turner, assisted by Miss Florence Kelley, who as Mrs. Wischnewsky is so identified with many progressive movements for women, and Miss Gabrielle Clements, the artist, boasted, in 1881, a membership of two hundred and twenty-seven, and in 1882 and '83, when the evening classes added the New Century Guild of Working Women to their title, its membership had reached four hundred and forty-three. This Guild, dating from the evening



classes of 1880, thus antedates, we believe, any organization of the kind in the country, although it was speedily followed by similar societies in several large cities.\*

In the New Century Guild, at 1132 Girard Street, will be found, on every evening of the week except on a sociable or lecture evening, dozens of girls engaged in learning dressmaking, millinery, cooking, reading, writing, bookkeeping,

busy all day long at the factory or shop entering with genuine enjoyment into dressmaking and cooking in the evening. The Shawmut Club, the first of these clubs in Boston, has a very original and useful class in which the art of making old gowns "look amaisht as weel's the new" is taught by some feminine magician in the form of dressmaker. In the New Century Guild, the German classes have



PRATT INSTITUTE—FRONT VIEW FROM RYERSON STREET.

German, and French, for which instruction a small sum is paid by the pupils.

A number of the New York clubs report cooking and different branches of needlework as most popular, while the Boston ladies tell of girls who have been

\* If the writer is incorrect in making this statement she will be glad to receive the dates of the organization of such societies for working girls, in other cities, and to publish them in a subsequent issue of this Magazine.

always been especially well attended, and we recall instances of girls who work at such monotonous occupations as shoe-binding and hat-lining, attaining sufficient command of the language to write correctly and fluently in German. Although these various clubs have not sprung, like the New Century Guild, from a cooking school, some training in cookery and in the general principles of home-making enter into the plan of most clubs for

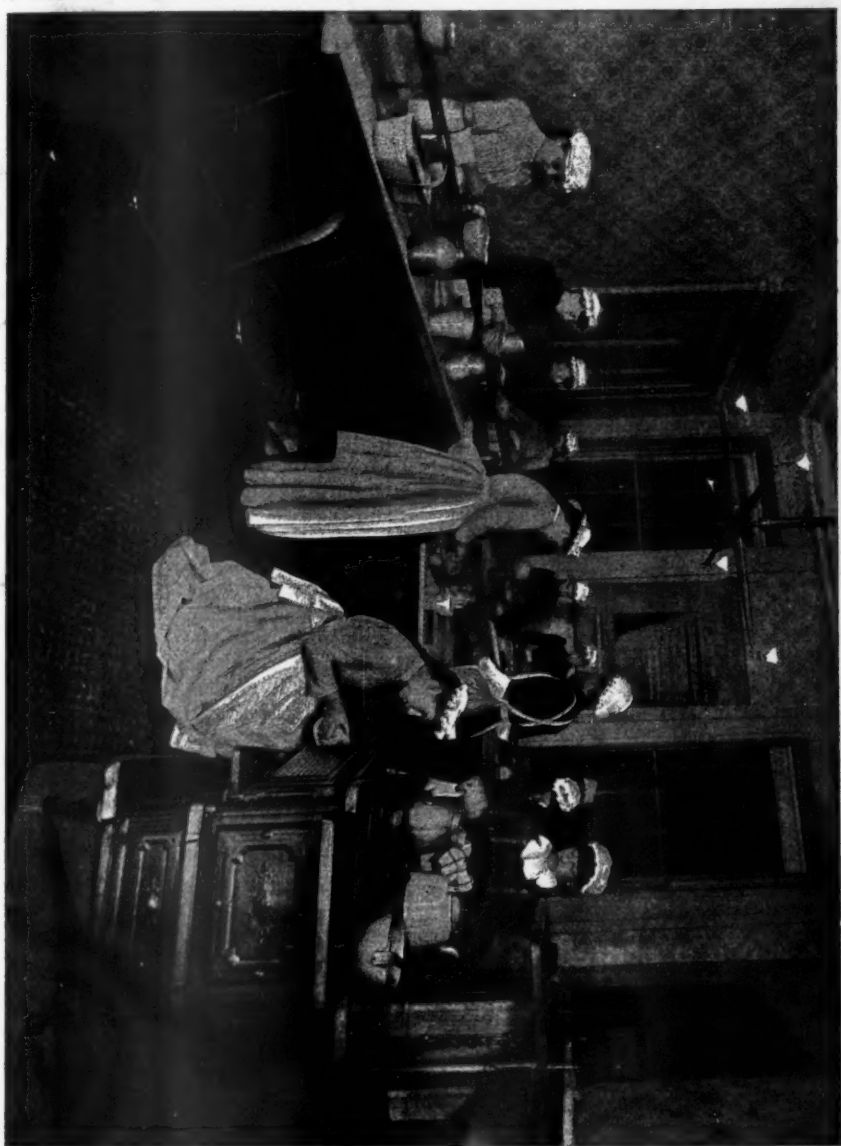
working girls, and in view of the fact that the human animal needs to be fed three times daily, and is better tempered, better looking, and more useful if well fed, it is not strange that this art appeals most forcibly to the practical mind. Almost any man will give something toward the support of a club in which girls are taught how to cook, and it certainly is worth much to a woman whose business it is to stand in a shop or to keep books to have such practical instruction given her in cookery and home-making as will enable her to administer wisely, economically, and with least fatigue to herself whatever housekeeping falls to her share.

Cooking has already been added to the curriculum of some of our public schools, and the New York Cooking School, on Lafayette Place, has for years been doing an admirable work in teaching classes of girls, great and small, how to prepare comfortable meals and how to place them upon the table. The class of little girls is an interesting feature of this school, as there is no reason why children should not be taught early to be deft, dainty, and helpful about the house.

We have spoken thus, at some length, about societies for working girls, not only because such institutions are admirable in themselves, but because they have helped to lay broad and deep the foundations of noble and philanthropic work for the future. Mrs. E. S. Turner, Mrs. Wischnevetsky, Miss Gabrielle Clements, Miss Helen Bell, Miss Eliza Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gawthrop, in Philadelphia; Miss Grace Dodge, Miss Potter, and their associates in New York, and Miss Edith M. Howes, Miss O. M. E. Rowe, Miss Helen Peabody, and other ladies of Boston and Cambridge have founded clubs in their respective cities, impelled by a generous impulse to help the working girl to help herself, by making her more intelligent, and thus qualifying her to earn better wages and also to give her some human sympathy, cheer, and mental inspiration by the way. Like many other modest workers in philanthropic lines, these women "buiided better than they knew,"

and from the small beginnings of evening classes have come forth large, well-equipped, and organized clubs, while, as if by magic—the rubbing of a lamp, or the touching of a spring—have arisen two American Palaces of Delight, the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, and the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia. Although differing in some respects from these later foundations, any enumeration of the advantages offered women for obtaining a business education would be quite incomplete without some mention of the Cooper Union of New York, which, as one "born out of season and in advance of its time," has offered to women and men equal educational privileges for more than thirty years. Here, long before the higher and broader education of women became the burning question that it is to-day, its doors were opened to women who desired to equip themselves in the various branches of science and art. It was to afford something more than was offered in the ordinary public-school education that the Cooper Union was established and dedicated to science and art, "in order to testify," says the founder's latest biographer, the Hon. Seth Low, "that power to be worthily exercised must recognize the mastery of knowledge and the inspiration of beauty." This idea of combining utility and beauty, borrowed from an older civilization and entering too tardily into our own, has begun to find a place in the educational work of to-day. The Drexel Institute might have offered to men and women all the scientific, mechanical, domestic, and artistic advantages that it now holds out to them so generously, with never a thought of the beauty and harmony of design and color that appeal to the eye and the mind on entering its magnificent hall. A square court, surrounded by balconies enclosed in gilded metal work, and corridors supported by massive pillars, inspire the scholar, at a first glance, with thoughts of the dignity and elevation of labor—hand-labor impelled and directed by a trained mind and artistic feeling. This noble entrance court was a favorite idea of Mr. George W. Childs, who, from its inception,

entered heartily and earnestly into the utility, beauty, and enjoyment for which work of planning this great industrial Mr. Walter Besant and all others inter-



NEW YORK COOKING SCHOOL.

school with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel. It is interesting to see how the harmonious combination of

ested in the improvement of the condition of the working classes have contended, has entered into the design,

construction, and arrangement of this, the latest and most complete development of the educational idea.

The Drexel Institute of Philadelphia, founded and endowed in the most liberal manner by Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, is a thoroughly equipped school for the instruction of boys and girls in art, science, and industry, as its title implies; but it is much more than this. In addition to the thorough training that it affords in art, science, mechanics, domestic economy, business, physics, and library work, it offers to its students physical culture in a perfectly equipped gymnasium, the use of a delightful library, filled with books, grave and gay, evening lectures and musical advantages, supplemented by recitals, when the compositions of the masters may be heard from one of the finest organs in the country. Nor is the training through the eye neglected, as objects of beauty surround the rooms, and the student may look up from his modeling or designing to gain an inspiration from the works of Angelo or Brunelleschi, as represented by the fine casts of Benggiani; or the worker in iron or brass may behold, in some bit of an old gateway or arch, or some antique vase, to what perfection the ancients carried the profession of Tubal Cain.

And in the beautiful library the librarians of the future may pause in their monotonous routine of cataloguing and arranging books, to see in rare volumes gathered there the best specimens of printing and illuminating that the world has known; or they may linger a moment in the museum to see how Dickens and Thackeray transcribed their MSS. or how Swift wrote the name of Stella. The museum of the Institute is one of its most interesting features. In addition to the large number of valuable books and works of art which Dr. MacAlister, the President of the Institute, was able, through the liberality of Mr. Drexel and his own excellent taste, to gather together from foreign cities, a number of interesting objects have already been donated to the museum. Dr. Edward H. Williams, who has gathered together such a fine collection of Japanese works of art,

has made some valuable additions to the museum, while Mr. George W. Childs has presented to it his own priceless collection of MSS. and autographs.

For the practical advantages accorded to women in this great school, they will be precisely the same as those offered to men. "Indeed," to use Mr. Childs' own expressions on the subject, "these educational opportunities were designed for women in the first place, the boys and men were an after-thought. The practical education of women, and the enlarging of their business sphere were the primary considerations in this enterprise," to which he added, "I believe in women, and if a woman can do a certain kind of work as well as a man, I believe in giving her the same wages."

Here a young woman may have a thorough training in all kinds of metal work, even in iron work and blacksmithing, if she happens to possess the taste and the muscle for it, as well in chemistry, in photography, in the various branches of art, in dressmaking, in millinery, and in cooking of the most scientific and hygienic character. Lectures will be given on the chemical properties of foods, thus elevating cookery to the place that it should occupy among the higher arts of life; and that the graces be not neglected there is, in connection with this complete culinary department, a perfectly appointed dining-room where the pupils may learn how to place the food upon the table in the most attractive manner.

To prove that such establishments have come to meet growing needs in the community, and are, therefore, sure to be successful, it is only necessary to look over the records of the Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, which began in 1887 with twelve pupils and this season enrolls two thousand seven hundred and fifty scholars.

The Pratt Institute, as we all probably know, is a large school for the mind and hand-training that has come, in these latter days, to stand for education. In this admirably-planned establishment, which owes its existence to the generosity and broad philanthropy of Mr. Charles

Pratt, are offered superior advantages in many lines of study. Here is a technical high school department, which includes classes in physics, chemistry, political science, mathematics, languages, etc.; an art department where, in addition to thorough instruction in drawing and coloring, lessons are given in wood-carving and art needlework; a department of mechanic arts, of commerce and of music, and a library department, where men and women are trained to be

bacteriology, biology, German, sewing, and laundry work of a similar scientific character. The latest developments in that department have been the organization of regular day classes in sewing, dressmaking, and millinery, for the purpose of training professional workwomen. These classes, which average in number ten pupils each, have proved so far very successful, and I believe are going to solve in many ways the question of how to give a thorough training in a short time."



LIBRARY OF THE SHAWMUT AVENUE CLUB, BOSTON.

librarians, and, by no means least of all, in place of the old sewing and cooking classes we find a department of domestic science, which includes all these and much more. "We have," says the Secretary of the Institute, Mr. Frederic D. Pratt, "organized a normal domestic science course of two years, for the purpose of training directors and supervisors of domestic science work. This course includes not only the usual studies as taken up in a normal cooking course, of cooking, physiology, chemistry, and normal methods, but laboratory work in

There are morning, afternoon, and evening classes in this department. The pupils who enter come for various purposes; some, for the sake of the training it will give them in their general work at home; others, because of the educational value of the work, and others, for the professional side.

For all these advantages, in both the Drexel and the Pratt Institutes, a small, a merely nominal sum, is paid. Free scholarships there are in both; but it has been proved by experience that people value most highly that for which they pay



something in return, to which it may be added that pauperization finds no place in the philanthropy of our day. In all the most successful clubs for working girls a small fee is demanded for class instruction, or a sum of money is deposited by the pupil. This latter method was found very successful in some trades classes, carried on for two years in the New Century Guild. The women interested in this work were enabled to establish these classes through the liberality of

cational work in Philadelphia, is Chairman, Mrs. Eliza S. Turner is Secretary, representing, with Mrs. Joseph P. Mumford, the New Century Guild, while among other influential women on the Board are Mrs. George W. Childs, Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., Mrs. John R. Drexel, Mrs. T. K. Conrad, Mrs. George W. C. Drexel, Miss Mary Dulles, Mrs. John R. Fell, Mrs. James W. Paul, Jr., Mrs. George R. Preston, Mrs. J. Bellangee Cox, the Founder of the Lin-



CLASS IN DRESSMAKING, SHAWMUT AVENUE CLUB, BOSTON.

Mr. Drexel and other patrons in Philadelphia, and from them a number of excellent dressmakers, milliners, glass-cutters, and type-setters have been graduated. It was decided, at the outset, to discontinue these classes on the opening of the Drexel Institute; but a graceful compliment has been paid to some of those who organized them by the founder of the Institute, Mr. Drexel, and its President, Dr. MacAlister, by giving them a place in its Advisory Board of Women. Of this Board Miss Anna Hallowell, who has taken such a prominent part in edu-

coln. Institute, and Mrs. J. Dundas Lipincott, an active worker in the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art.

All these women are working with Mr. Drexel, Mr. Childs, Dr. MacAlister, the efficient and enthusiastic President of the Institute, and the other Managers and Trustees of the great endowment to render successful, in the fullest meaning of the word, one of the noblest schemes of philanthropy that has ever come to bless the toiling sons and daughters of Adam.

## A SPINNING GHOST.

BY E. B. TINDLAY.

EVERY one else was in bed. A half-hour before I had told Frances, our maid, that she might go, and that I would wait down-stairs for Katharine, who had gone to a ball. I was wondering when she would return when I heard a sigh. As, however, we boasted no ancestral ghost, and as, moreover, my nerves are fairly good, I was scarcely conscious of a creep. In order, however, to convince myself that I was not startled I re-opened the book. I had laid down and read twice the line at the top of the page. I heard another sigh—I read the line again. The sigh certainly came from the corner near the piano where the spinning-wheel stood. Then there was a faint whirring sound. It was absurd; I would look round. The wheel was turning! Yes, unless I had lost my senses, certainly turning.

There was a register near, some one had probably left it open and the current of hot air was strong enough to turn the wheel. Still it looked uncanny, and I had never known it to happen before; even when the register was open—I almost wished I had gone to bed, but now I could not move my eyes from the corner where the wheel was turning and the treadle moving slowly up and down. Then I saw resting upon the distaff as if in loving claim—a hand—no arm was visible, only the hand; young, strong, but work-worn, and as I looked, it changed to one wrinkled and old and work-worn still. And a slender thread that seemed to come from behind and beyond the distaff ran through the shuttle and wound about the bobbin. The whirring changed to a murmur of indistinct words; and then there was another sigh, and a sound as if wooden arms had been stretched out with a creak, “I must be very old.”

The words were distinct, though the voice was low and had an old-time accent

that reminded me of old gardens and lavender-beds:

“I must be very old—for when Polly used to kerry me out on the porch, when she wanted to spin in the shade of the mornin’-glory vines, her mother would say, “be a little keeful o’ the ole wheel, Polly, ’twon’t stand much knockin’ about.” Polly used to sing psalms as her foot worked the treadle up and down and my wheel flew round faster and faster. Every day in summer we were out on the porch together except meetin’ day; then I stood quiet in a corner, and in the evening David Ritter come and took Polly to meetin’, and after they’d got back they’d sit on the porch awhile lookin’ at the stars, but scarcely saying a word.

One day Polly’s mother says, “I concede David won’t git his house done by fall. You and him ’ll have to put off the weddin’ till spring yet.”

“David’s got the house a’most done, mother,” says Polly. “He told me Sabbath evenin’, when we was comin’ from preachin’ he had only got to build the lean-to, and if he could git some to help him, he might git through cuttin’ logs this week.”

It must a-been a couple o’ days after that that David walked up the path with his two-edged axe on his shoulder, and stood still between the Hollyhocks. Polly was sweepin’ inside and she turned round when she heard his step.

“Bill Watson and Jake Klein’s gone along up the road to the clearin’ with the sleds; and among hands, I concede we can cut all the logs I want by sundown; maybe haul some, too,” David said. “Then ’twon’t be long till I git the lean-to up; I won’t plaster it this year.”

“No, ’taint no use to do *that*,” says Polly.

“Bill Watson can build a good bake-oven; it don’t take him long.”

"No," says Polly.

David took his axe off his shoulder and ran his fingers along the edge.

"Your outfit's a'most ready, aint it, Polly?"

"Yes, it is a'most. Mother Pettinger's wove me near fifty yards o' linen out o' thread I spun, and I got more to send her next mail-day."

"Then Polly—" David stopped and turned over his axe and ran his finger along the other edge, "if you're willin', I'll speak to the preacher next meetin' day 'bout marryin' us. And, Polly," David pulled off a white Hollyhock, "I'll try to do right by you always, Polly."

"I believe you, David."

They both stood still for a minute then, like they had somethin' else to say. Then David put his axe on his shoulder, dropped the Hollyhock on the ground and went down the path and away into the woods.

Polly picked up the flower and put it in a cup o' water. I heard her tell her mother that David had the house a'most finished, and was goin' to speak to the preacher next meetin' day. Then she put away her broom and kerried me out on the porch, and sang psalms, while my wheel whirred and my bobbins filled with thread.

That same day, 'twas just before sundown, Polly took the kettle to the spring and filled it and was just settin' it on the hearth when her mother called from the door:

"There's two men, Polly, a-comin' round the road; they're kerryin' somethin'. I can't see plain what it mought be. Quick! come and look!"

"One of 'em's Bill Watson," says Polly. "I can't see the other for the trees." Then, all at once, she says: "The other one's Jake; it's David they're kerryin'," and turned as white as the wall she leant up against.

Jake and Bill come up to the porch step and stopped between the Hollyhocks and drew a long breath: "We was cuttin' the last tree; me and Dave," Jake says. "I heard it crack and called to him quick to run; but he didn't get out o' the way soon enough, a heavy

limb come right acrost his breast; he aint spoke or stirred since. Mought a' been an hour ago it happened; me and Bill hed to rest oncet or twicet comin' along—David's a weight." Then they walked past me and laid David on the floor just inside the door.

Polly knelt down beside him and untied the white kerchief from his neck and wiped the blood off his lips with it. His hair was pushed back and his forehead and his eyelids were as white as bleached linen, the rest of his face was as brown as linen before the sun has touched it.

Polly laid her face against his.

"David! what's the matter? Does somethin' hurt you, David?"

David just gave a sigh, and his big sun-burned hand moved as if he was feelin' for somethin'. Polly put hers into it, and the fingers closed over it and were still.

Then she put her face down again with her mouth close to his ear, and called; "David, here's Polly." He stirred then and opened his blue eyes.

Polly lifted her head, and his eyes looked into hers, and looked and looked till they got a strange kind o' stare in them that David never had before.

"He's gone now," Jake said, in a gruff whisper.

Polly smoothed down the lids over his eyes; then she laid her face against his again, and I heard a sound like when the wind comes low and moanin' down the gap, through the pine trees. Bill and Jake stepped out on the porch, where Polly's mother set beside me, rockin' back'ard and for'ard. Jake rubbed his shirt-sleeve 'crost his eyes.

"To think o' Dave lyin' there, and two hours ago there wasn't a man on the mountain as lusty as him. It's hard on Polly, they was to have the weddin' soon, I concede."

"Ef that had been one o' my women folks they'd make a time," says Bill.

"That aint Polly's way," says Jake.

Then Polly, at the sound of her name, loosed her hand out of David's and come out. "Jake," she says, "will you and Bill take him into mother's room and

lay him on the bed?" And when they took him in and left him, Polly stood at the door.

"Jake will you ride over and tell his folks? *I'll* stay with *him* awhile." Then she went into the room and shut the door.

Jake got the horse and rode away.

"You mought be lonesome," Bill said to Polly's mother, "*I'll* stay a spell."

Some o' David's folks come back with Jake; and the next day some men brought a long box and they kerried it in, and when they brought it out again, it seemed kind o' heavy, and they rested it on two cheers that Mother Pettinger and Polly's mother set for 'em.

Polly took the white Hollyhock out o' the cup, and put it in the box. After that the men put on a lid and kerried the box out through the porch, past the hollyhocks and down the path, and David's folks and Polly's mother and Polly walked after 'em to where the wagons was waitin' on the road.

'Twas lonely and dark in the house till Polly and her mother come back the next day. Polly sat down on the stool beside me, and put her face between her hands. Her mother opened the windows and the sunshine poured in and spread out on the floor. But all that day and a good many more, after the housework was done, Polly set beside me with her face between her two hands, and often toward sundown she'd go down the path and turn toward the woods.

One day, when her mother asked her if she wasn't going to spin, she said she had more linen a'ready than ever she could use. So I stood still beside the hearth. After awhile brown leaves rustled soft acrost the porch and sometimes in at the door, and Polly had to sweep them from the path, and one mornin' the mornin'-glory vines hung down their leaves, and didn't show a flower, and the hollyhocks were brown half-way down their tall stems.

Sundown came soon, and the door was kept shut, and Polly's mother said her bones ached, and she sat clost to the fire. After awhile there come a night when the wind howled down the gap

like a pack o' hounds, and the next mornin' the snow was drifted against the north window so Polly couldn't get it open.

Jake knocked at the porch door that day and told Polly he'd come to clear a path to the spring for her. I stood by the hearth all that long winter. Polly didn't spin or sing psalms any more, and the logs cracklin', and the kettle singin' were the only things that seemed like they used to seem.

Keturah Pettinger came to help Polly, because her mother said *she* felt too bad to do anything but just lay in bed. One day (the clock would know how long it was before that) Keturah left the door open and I heard the water bubbling over the stones by the spring. Would Polly sit on the porch and spin soon, and David come up the path with his axe on his shoulder?

'Twas near sundown, but Polly didn't come to fill the kettle like she always did.

Then soon Mother Pettinger came in and called Keturah, and when she came she says to her: "Jake stopped over this mornin' and said he conceded Mother Kruger wouldn't last the day out, and I'm glad I got here in time to lay her out. But what'll Polly do now, she's left alone."

The door was standin' open and the grass was turnin' green, and so was the willow that hung over the spring when Keturah and Mother Pettinger were helpin' Polly tie up the feather beds and rub up the apple-butter kettle and fold the quilts and sheets into the chest.

"Seems like a shame that your mind's set on going to Snow Hill, Polly," says Mother Pettinger, "a good housekeeper and spinner like you. There's Jake that wants to marry you, and he'd make a good husband, I concede. But you'll have it good to Snow Hill, and you can leave if you git tired of the single life. I've knowed them that's left and married after."

"I'll live single always," says Polly. "I feel like something that's left over and don't keer to stay. Everything will



be different there to what it was here, and maybe I'll *feel* different, too."

"Well, everythin's ready now for the flittin' when Ezra Snowberger brings the wagon," says Mother Pettinger.

Next morning Ezra pulled up his horses on the road, come up the path, and asked Polly if she was all ready. Then he helped the women kerry the beds and cheers and all the rest o' the flittin' down the path and put them into the wagon. When everything was ready Polly lifted me.

"The wheel's old, Ezra," she says. "I'll put it beside me; I can steady it with my hand, so as it don't get broke."

When Polly was settled in her place, Ezra clomb up beside her. Keturah and her mother gave us good-bye, and the horses started slow-like up the hill. Polly looked straight before her and stiddied me with her hand. After awhile we came to a turn in the road, where a house stood. Some children ran out and called, "Mam! quick, come, here's a flittin'." Then a woman stood at the door and called to Polly, "I'm glad I got a chance to give you good-bye. So you're goin' to join the society to Snow Hill. Well, you'll git it good there; but the women and men eatin' at different tables seems ag'in natur' to me, though I was raised a Seven Day Baptist. Ezra concedes different. Well, good-bye, good-bye. Polly, if you don't like it you can leave; aint that so, Ezra?"

Ezra nodded and started his horses on again, up the mountain. It was gettin' dark when he passed Snow Hill mill, went through the gate into the house-yard, and 'round to the back door.

"The chapel bell's ringin', I'll leave the wagon stand till meetin's over before I unload," says Ezra.

Some women come out and took Polly by the hand, and asked her if she would go to chapel before she had supper. Polly said she was kind o' tired. Then she set me inside the door and went away with the women. I heard a psalm like Polly used to sing, but a great many people were singing to oncet. When the psalm was finished, Ezra unloaded the

wagon, and told Jacob that Mary Kruger's property was ready to be set down in the treasury book. After awhile through the door came the sound o' Jacob's voice, readin' "two feather beds, six kiverlids, fourteen linen sheets, one oak spinnin'-wheel, four cheers," and then somebody shut the door. A woman told Polly to kerry me into a room. There was many more wheels there, flax wheels and wool wheels, too. It seemed strange at first, but I got used to it after a spell.

I didn't see Polly much—first I did not know her—she had a queer kind o' cap on, and the people called her Deborah.

One day—the clock at the end of the room said I'd been there six months—Polly came and sat down on the stool beside me. She begun to spin and kind o' talked to herself.

"I thought 'twould be different when I got here, but human nature's the same everywhere, I concede. I gave up so much a'ready, I thought I wouldn't mind givin' up the rest; but I don't like to see Rachel poundin' on the treadle of the old wheel; seems like even here I want to keep what's my own. And the brothers aint so different to other men folks. Yesterday after meetin' Jacob and Obed hed high words 'bout the 'assurance o' faith.'

Winter had come then, and Polly used to spin every day, but she did not sing like she used to.

Then, spring come round again and she and the other sisters went to plantin' the garden-seeds, and in summer they bleached linen, and churned, and made cheese, and gathered yarbs. And every mornin' and evenin', summer and winter, the chapel bell rang, and I heard the brothers and sisters singin' psalms. Nobody kept much 'count o' time but the clock; and it said it knew the "times and the seasons," even when the leaves put out or fell off late.

Sometimes a flittin' came to the back door, and I see a new brother or sister come through the room where the wheels set, but oftener a sister that used to spin didn't come any more, and one o' the others would kerry her wheel away.



At last, one day, the clock said 'twas April, Polly was a-spinnin'. She didn't set up straight any more, and her hair was gray like her mother's used to be. "Th' aint many wheels left, nor many sisters to spin," she says. "Maybe my turn'll come before long. I never thought the ole wheel would a-lasting out so well; but the treadle's gittin thin now, it's a'most wore through." Then the chapel bell began to ring and Polly went away.

All the apple-blossoms was out. The clock said 'twas May. And one mornin' Ruth and Miriam come into the spinnin'-room.

"We mought as well take Deborah's ole wheel up, she aint no kin to want it," Ruth says.

"Wait tell I wind the thread off the bobbin, she left one half-full. Poor Deborah; certain she was the best spinner to Snow Hill. She must a-spun a power o' thread while she was here. Nathan looked in the treasury-book, and he told me she came to Snow Hill near forty year ago."

Then, Miriam put back the bobbin and Ruth kerried me out past the clock and up garret, and I knew Polly's *turn* must a'come.

Ruth set me down in a corner and went away. A great many o' the wheels that used to be in the spinnin'-room was in the garret. The winder was open and sometimes, when the breeze come in, it turned an ole wool wheel that set near, and it would whirr on 'bout the days when it was first to Snow Hill. It couldn't spin wool any more, so 'twould spin "rickollections."

After awhile the locust tree outside dropped some white blossoms on the sill, and sometimes a bee come buzzin' in. The ole wheel whirred "it's June, it's June." Th' wasn't any clock up garret, but the ole wheel had signs to tell when summer or winter was comin'. A good many summers and winters come before that day that Ruth and Miriam came up the stair-steps talkin' to some folks that didn't speak like the sisters did. 'Twasn't winter yet, but there was some yaller lo-

cust-leaves on the sill. The folks came and stood near me.

"What a lovely old garret you have," one young woman says.

"Yes, there's a plenty room here," says Ruth.

Then the other that was standin' by spoke low:

"Look at those lovely spinning-wheels! Would they sell them, do you think? Ask her, Margaret."

And the young woman asked Ruth if they would sell the wheels.

Ruth looked at Miriam.

"We mought as well; there aint no kin to claim 'em, and we trade cheese and butter for cotton-cloth at the store now."

Then Ruth lifted me, and Miriam took Rachel's ole wheel and kerried us down the stair-steps through the ole spinnin'-room, where the clock was still talkin' about time, and set us down on the stones outside the door. There was a queer kind o' wagon standin' and a young man waitin' beside it.

"You can't kerriy 'em unless I take 'em apart," says Ruth.

Then she slipped off my bobbins; I didn't mind that. Then she turned and twisted the arms that held my distaff, and then—

The wrinkled hand was no longer on the distaff, but the gossamer thread still ran through the shuttle, and the sound, though changed a little, went on.

"Next time I rickollect I was in a strange place; not Polly's house, nor the spinnin'-room, nor the ole garret, none of 'em. I was standin' beside a clock near some stair-steps that wound round. The cheers and tables were different to the ones at Snow Hill, and so were the squares o' carpet on the floor. The folks that made *them* must a'had a power o' blue and red and yaller rags. One day the young woman they call Margaret, brought a bunch o' flax and put it on my distaff. She didn't set down to spin, but just tied it on with a yaller ribbon and went away. I felt like I wanted to hide away somewheres. Yaller was a worldly color at Snow Hill. Nobody

but the daf'dils ever wore it; and they only put it on for a little while in the spring.

So, I'll never spin any more linen threads, I concede, but only rickollections, like the ole wool wheel when the lights is "outened" at night. The ole clock I used to stand by kept me from feelin' lonesome. He talked about the times, night and day, but sence they moved me to this corner, I can't hear him, and I don't know even how long I've been here.

Polly said human nature was the same everywheres; but certain human ways is different, and human talk, too. I never hear o' any one being convicted o' sin now. Once a young man said to Margaret, "It's a question of latitude, what's sin in one place is not in another; it's hard always to say just what sin is." Now up to Snow Hill they *knew*.

If ever a flittin' takes me back to the ole garret again I'll spin more "rickollections" than the ole wool wheel. But it would say it didn't believe that I—

"Good-night. You need not wait. I hear some one coming and Aunt Sarah is freezing with the carriage-door open."

"Yes, I'll be at home to-morrow at four and I'll give you a cup of tea."

The treadle and wheel were still. In a moment I was at the door where Katharine stood, her pretty face flushed, her soft white fur wrapped about her, and a bunch of drooping roses in her hand.

"Why, Margaret!" she exclaimed, "are you up; where's Frances?"

"She looked tired. I sent her to bed."

"You look pale, you must be tired, too."

"No," I answered, as I followed her up the stairs.

That was more than a year ago. I have often been down-stairs since then, after midnight, alone; but since that night I have heard no warning sigh. Though my eyes often wander to the corner where the spinning-wheel stands, I see no ghostly hand, only the useless flax upon the distaff, the empty bobbins, the silent shuttle, the idle wheel. One night, after I had turned down the lamp, I said, half-aloud, "Poor Polly," and the words seem to come to me like a distant echo in the woods, I could not tell from where:

"Poor Polly, she lived a little while. She was forty years a-dying."

## FEBRUARY.

I BIND the snows about my brow,  
And icy winds my heralds be,  
But in my heart are whisperings  
Of western breeze and budding tree.

For me the wild birds choose their mates,  
And loving thoughts and hopes are mine,  
For in my bosom still I bear  
The days of sweet St. Valentine,

When human hearts like birds may feel  
The promise of the budding spring,  
And wake the thoughts of love and light,  
And all the gladness it shall bring.

The shortest month of all the year,  
My hurrying feet not long may stay,  
But love and friendship that I bring  
Time hath no power to steal away.

## LITTLE MOTHER NAIL.

BY MAUD R. BURTON.

WE saw her from the windows of the Mission struggling up the street against the heavy March wind, a worn but neat black dress was blown tight around her and an old-fashioned bit of drapery had snapped the thread that bound it, and waved and flapped unceasingly at her back. Every once in a while the wind seemingly singled her out as an object for mirth, swept at her with a rush, and held down the rusty cotton umbrella she carried while we caught a glimpse of her face. It was weary, homesick, and discouraged, and we saw her glance questionably first at the tall buildings and then at the many lounging men.

There were four of us in the Mission rooms that day, a committee from one of the up-town churches detailed to look after the needs and wants of our busy workers in the city mission fields, and having made a memorandum of the oil and tea and butter, we still remained chatting with Miss Hobart, the missionary, dreading to face the fast-increasing storm.

Margaret Lansing happened to be with us that day, a tall, quiet girl with heavy brown hair growing low on her forehead, and eyes that shielded a mystery in their depths. Her home was in one of those green valleys that nestled between the hills in the western part of Massachusetts, but Boston had claimed her as its own, while she taught cubes and prisms and funny little songs to a cluster of happy kindergartens, who were at that enviable stage of existence where life is a bed of roses and the sun never sets.

We never could approach Margaret nearly. She was a wonderful worker and an always cheerful comrade, but the trouble that had deepened her eyes and planted the pathetic little smile on her lips raised a wall she could never quite climb over. She was the first to discover the little weary figure out on the street.

"Girls," she cried, with a little laugh, "here's somebody's mother, as the old song says, and with her a chance for home mission work—I feel it in my bones. Miss Hobart," but Miss Hobart was already half-way down the stairs, and a moment later we saw her stop the wabbling umbrella's uncertain approach, while she put a few pointed questions to its owner. Then we saw her take possession of both, and in another moment she was back, panting but triumphant and half carrying the little black-robed figure. "There," she said, "this is my own castle and every one scales its stairs, rich and poor, comrade and stranger. You are one of us now and can't help yourself, so we will sit you down by the fire, so, and take off your wet clothing this way, and—but bless me, she's half dead from want of food! What am I thinking about? Margaret, come, get her warm and dry while I fly around and find something she can eat," and with a bustle and whirr that characterized all her movements she left the room, when we heard her rattling tea-kettle and stove-lids vigorously in her tiny kitchen.

Margaret took her station at the little stranger's side and with deft fingers removed the wet dress, substituting therefor one of Miss Hobart's, and then fell to work chafing the limp hands. All this time the tiny woman remained silent, regarding us with a half-dazed expression, like a child waking from a heavy sleep and not yet sure but he is dreaming. Each one of us wished to do something, and while one smoothed the pretty gray hair another repaired to the kitchen, and a third tossed a jumbled mass of pillows on the only couch that the room contained.

Miss Hobart's vigorous movements having imparted to even inanimate things a sense of hurry, she was back in an incredibly short space with a cup of hot tea and a dish of egg and toast which she

began to administer to her charge, chatting like a busy magpie all the time. The cup of tea had the desired effect, and our little woman began to wake up. First she smiled, then clasped Margaret's hand close in her own and murmured something that sounded like a blessing. Margaret evidently took it as such, for she bent her stately head and kissed the wrinkled hand that held her own. This aroused Miss Hobart at once to action, because, as she reasoned, thanks would be next in order and she did not wish to be thanked. Working was in her line, she often said, but replying to a "Thank you, ma'am," was beyond her. She reconstructed the couch with a twitch and patted the pillows into an inviting pile, then helped the slim figure over lest it should slip in the folds of its voluminous gown. "My conscience wouldn't be easy," she said, "if I was to rescue her from the streets only to kill her on the hem of my dress."

The little woman laughed in a pleasant fashion. "My name's Elizabeth Spike," she said, "I ought to have told you before, but I couldn't seem to get my breath."

"We understood all that," said Margaret, softly. "Do you live in Boston?"

Elizabeth Spike looked at us for a moment, evidently made up her mind we were friends, and then answered, "I came from the western part of the State to look for my lad."

The tears clouded her eyes for a moment, and she could not go on. She had been so pretty once it was easy to see that. Her hair lay in soft, loose curls about her face, and her eyes were big and blue and softly pleasing. Her mouth had retained a charm it might have worn in babyhood. Yes, she had been pretty once and was sweet to look at still. She was a gentlewoman, too, that we could see, even her patched and faded dress stood out against an opposite supposition. But why was she down in this rough quarter of the big city—a perfect hive of iniquity—all alone, for Bethany Mission is not noted as a place where the scions of aristocracy worship God. Trinity Church and Bethany are not on

the same plane of respectability, as all Boston knows.

Presently the little old lady collected herself and went on:

"You've been so kind to me," she said, "I would like to tell you the whole story."

"Three years ago my boy came to Boston to make a home for the woman he chose out of them all. I never knew her for he said I'll surprise you, mother, when I bring her home. She was a girl in one of the big towns near, and he was a likely lad, if I do say so. Well, he went, and in a little while she followed, so he wrote to me, and made her home with a cousin of hers till they should be married. He used to write to me about her, and it was easy to see what she meant to him. But by and by came a letter that read: 'She's thrown me over, mother, and I deserved it, but that doesn't make the sting any less,' and then went on to tell me that his grandfather's blood was showing in him. I knew in a minute what he meant, for hadn't drink been the curse of his father's throat way back, and his father'd been so stern about it. So knowin' the cravin' and the weakness that was in him, the poor lad didn't blame her for all he was so broke down. I wrote him, but I didn't get no word, and when his father died I couldn't stand it any longer, but I sold the place and came here, knowin' full well I must rough it, but longin' to find my boy and show him he had his mother still."

Her voice quivered a little as she recounted the tale and a sob choked her at the end.

Margaret, who had been looking out of the window during the story, turned suddenly and came over to her, with a white face. It was evident some chord in her life had been hardly jarred—but she knelt by the little woman and pressed her softly.

"I shall take you home with me," she said.

"No, you won't, either," said Miss Hobart, coming to the fore. "What do you with your big eyes and dainty hands and dozen or so charities mixed up with a Kindergarten know about drink or



drinkers, I'd like to know. She must stay with me and we'll look for the boy where it wouldn't be convenient for you to go. You've got your work, Margaret, and I've got mine—I'm all bristles like a porcupine, and I haven't got enough education to hurt me, but just the same I can manage things of that sort, and she'll be better off here."

"Perhaps I know more than you think I do, dear Miss Hobart," answered Margaret, quietly, "but still it may be best for her to be here—only Bethany will get more of my time than I have ever before given it in consequence. Come girls," turning to us, "it's getting dark and raining harder every moment; we must go. If anything is needed, Miss Hobart, get it in my behalf," and with a hasty pulling on of rubbers and buttoning of mackintoshes we were out in the rain and wrestling with an elder brother of the wind that had so buffeted little Mrs. Spike.

We talked about her all the way up town, and Margaret seemed so strangely quiet we took her home with us to brighten her up a bit. She sat down on the floor by the open fire in the library and rested her chin on her knee, while we talked and laughed. After a time she pulled herself up with a jerk and seemingly put her thoughts one side; for the rest of the evening she was the maddest, merriest one of us all.

It was several days after that before any of us had a chance to go down to the Mission rooms. Little Mrs. Spike had procured from the depot the rusty black bag that matched her bonnet and umbrella, and already was a fixture in the rooms. We got used to seeing her there very soon, and gradually lost the absorbing interest we had felt at first. It was only Margaret who frequented Bethany any the oftener, and she rarely spoke of the tiny woman installed there. Miss Hobart grew to be very fond of her in a few days, and told us she felt surer than ever of the Divine Providence.

"The Lord knows it's no use to preach to a man on an empty stomach," she said, "and He knows, too, that I was no cook, and even if I was, I didn't have

no time, so. He sent me one of your regular old-fashioned cooks to help me out. Yes, there's surely a good Providence over us all."

The men who frequented the Mission were ready to undergo any sacrifice for her before she had been with them a week. Many of them were cab drivers, coal heavers, and the like, who came into the evening meetings more to get warm than for any other object, good-hearted, and not especially vicious. Miss Hobart told them one evening the little woman's story, and a most attentive audience she had. They wanted to take up a collection for her then and there, but Miss Hobart stopped them. "She doesn't need money while she is with me," she said. "You can help her much more by keeping your eyes out for her lost son. Myself, I do not think there is much hope of your ever finding him, but it comforts her to keep up the belief, so we must help her all we can. The only description she ever gave of him is that he is big, broad-shouldered, and has brown, curly hair, and if you can find him on that, you're lucky."

The men filed down-stairs slowly, talking among themselves. "It 'ud bring me outen any pit ter hev a mother like that," said one, and another wiped a furtive tear shamefacedly on his rough coat-sleeve and answered, "That's so, Bill, what'd I hev for a mother—mother, I can't think on with any sort uv pride! I might er been a better man ef I had." "She be so little, too," put in a third. "I'd a done my best for a mother so kinder peaked as that. She be fairly too small for a spike, Bill, she be more like a nail." This remark was greeted with a laugh and a cheer that made the big policeman opposite look up hastily and come across the street, and Elizabeth Spike then and there became "Little Mother Nail," a name she was destined to wear for the rest of her life; a name destined to become synonymous with a blameless life and a sweet, uplifting presence; a name which should mean new life to some young man lying in the gutter with the wreck of a boyish beauty on his face, and a living exponent of the parable of the



Good Samaritan to the battered souls that drifted into Bethany.

The men did what they could. Little Mother Nail's story was noised abroad on the wharves, down the alleys, and everywhere that forsaken humanity lurks, but the days went steadily on, and though the search suffered no diminution, but rather increased, nothing was learned. The policemen on the beat and at the station houses kept watch, but of no avail, yet Little Mother Nail never seemed to lose heart. As the summer came, Margaret, who, through all her busy hours, kept watch and ward over Little Mother Nail, took her away with her to the seashore for two happy months. It was there a strange thing happened: Little Mother Nail had been sitting out on the beach in a sand chair which the children had scraped out for her, watching the turning tide at the time the sea, finding itself losing its but lately-gained throne, throws itself into desperate hurling breakers up against the shore. Margaret was reading near her, when she heard a little cry and looked up to see Little Mother Nail running up the beach like a young girl. Margaret threw down her book and ran after her, just in time to prevent her from stumbling on a rock.

"Why, Little Mother," she chided, "running fast enough to put me out of breath. What is the matter?"

"I saw him," gasped the little woman, breathlessly. "I saw my boy, I did, indeed, Margaret!"

Margaret, with the white look on her face she had worn that stormy day at Bethany, glanced hastily up and down the beach, but no one was in sight. Reassured, she turned to Mother Nail once more.

"It was all a fancy, dear," she said. "You were thinking of him as you always are, and saw a resemblance in a passing stranger," and so talking she had the trembling little woman back to her seat, and giving up her reading, talked to her the rest of the morning.

Those long summer days were bright ones to Mother Nail. She spent most of her time lying on the shawls Margaret spread for her in the crevices of the big

rock that ran out into the ocean, watching the changing tides, the varying tints of the water, and the gulls flying out at sea. People used to seek her out and spend long hours with her, going away feeling better by the contact, for Mother Nail gave out from her own sweet life a sense of the Divine Presence she carried always within her, seemingly without her own volition. Margaret laughingly told her that she received more confidences than any young girl there, whereat Mother Nail smiled placidly, and said:

"Bless their dear hearts, it pleases me to be so trusted, Margaret."

The children claimed her for their own, and looked upon the "grown-ups" who came to enjoy her too, as infringing upon their own especial rights, till at last Margaret declared Little Mother Nail must go back to the city in order to save her life.

"I cannot have you kidnapped," she said, "for you are too necessary to my own selfish existence for that."

So when the grapes began to ripen in the country, and shumac to flame down the long lanes, Margaret and her charge turned their faces cityward. Little Mother Nail looked longingly after the retreating shore.

"You have been so good to give me this, Margaret," she said, stroking the gloved hand near her. "The ocean has given me strength, I love it so. I have a feeling that we shall not see each other again. It is so strange to think that morning and night the tide will come up over that dear old rock, and then go down, leaving the shining sea-weed when I am away and above it all, until that long afterward. Do you know it, dear? Afterward there shall be no more sea."

"Nonsense," cried the girl, with a sharp inflection of pain in her voice. "We're coming again next summer, you and I!"

Little Mother Nail did not answer except by a wistful smile, and Margaret, with one of her sudden changes, plunged headlong into a merry conversation.

Mother Nail's reception at the Mission that night was worthy of a president. Miss Hobart, with her usual bustle, trav-

eled from one end of the room to the other trying to think of something more to show her appreciation of the "Prodigal's return," as she styled it. One man after another climbed the steep stairs with a rough word of welcome, and the very cat chased its imaginary tail (for, like all the Mission *habitués*, it was more or less dilapidated) in a wild attempt to show its delight.

After a day or so, the Mission wheels got into running order again, and the old routine commenced. Margaret, busy with her school, had little time at her disposal, and could only run into Bethany at intervals of once a week or so. Little Mother Nail appeared to miss her sadly, but putting herself at one side as usual, she went about with cheery Miss Hobart, bringing sunshine into many poor homes. It was on one of the excursions that she took a violent cold, which bade fair to confine her to the Mission rooms for several days at least. It was the last of October, and the chiel of the November days was in the air. Miss Hobart bolstered her up in the big, sunny window of the Mission the second morning, and left her with two or three books and a bunch of brilliant scarlet geraniums beside her. The morning was almost gone when Little Mother Nail, looking out of the window, saw a tall, bronzed man coming rapidly down the street. She gave one look—it was—it surely was the man she had seen at the seashore—it was her boy. She pulled herself impatiently away from her pillows and started for the stairs, so fearful of missing him that she took no heed of the steps. A little weak from her cold and dizzy with excitement, she slipped and rolled down the curved steep stairs, hitting the dear white head at every step.

The big bronzed man turned in at the doorway, and stumbled over a little inanimate heap at the bottom of the stairs. He stopped and gave one glance, then uttered a suppressed exclamation and went up the stairs two at a time with the frail burden in his arms. He looked around the cozy Mission rooms, and seeing no one, laid the unconscious

form on the self-same couch that had supported it on its first day in Boston, and as he turned, met Miss Hobart just coming in.

"What is the matter?" she cried. "What has happened to Mother Nail?" "She must have fallen down the stairs," answered the man, in courteous, grave tones. "I was coming in to gain the address of a friend whom I knew was in the habit of attending these meetings and I found her just at the entrance."

"Well, never mind about that," interrupted Miss Hobart, "you go get a doctor, please, and come this evening. Your friend will probably be here then."

The man bowed and went out. Miss Hobart took the trouble to go and look after him.

"Strange, where I have seen that face before," she muttered, then turned to look after her charge.

It was not until afternoon that Little Mother Nail regained consciousness, and the doctor whispered with a grave face that she had sustained internal injuries which must of necessity result fatally.

"It is but a question of a few days at the most," he said.

Miss Hobart's usually placid frame of mind gave way utterly under this blow.

"I can't let her go," she said. "Why, Doctor, she's the prop and stay of the Mission; she's prayed for it, till I've planned to pad her knees to save wear. Oh! it's no use, you mustn't let her die!"

The Doctor smiled, but shook his head.

"If she were younger," he said, "but her age is against her. I will call in again to-morrow. Good afternoon!"

Miss Hobart stood as if dazed for a moment then rallying her scattered wits, she sent a messenger for Margaret. He shortly returned with the message that "Miss Lancing was out of town and not expected to return that night."

The evening came and with it the big brown man. Little Mother Nail

had been moved to her own room, and Miss Hobart was darting about like a restless bee from one room to another. She appeared in the Mission at the same moment with the brown man and directly to him she went.

"See here!" she began as a preliminary, "did you ever lead a prayer meeting? You look as if you could. You needn't do anything but sing or start the singing—they will do the rest, but I've got to stay with Little Mother Nail, and Miss Lancing; can't come down."

"Miss Lancing, did you say?" he asked, slowly. "I knew her once. No, I never led a meeting, but I will do my best if you really need me. How is—Little Mother Nail?"

"She isn't any better," said Miss Hobart, "and I must go back to her. Thank you for consenting so readily," and back she went to the sick room, and never saw the strange expression that came over her new leader's face, but by and by when the Mission room was filled for the evening, she heard a few grave words spoken outside, and then a wonderful tenor voice rang out an old familiar tune. Mother Nail raised herself on one elbow.

"Sounds like I had," she said, then suddenly, "did I tell you I saw Thad today?"

Miss Hobart thought her mind was wandering and put her gently back on her pillow without speaking, and quieted by the beautiful voice in the next room; the little women went softly to sleep.

In spite of the doctor's prophecy, she seemed to be quite herself in a few days, unable, of course, to leave her room, but still interested in all that was going on about her. Margaret, who had come down the next morning and could not be persuaded to leave long enough to eat or exercise, pleaded with the doctor to give her one ray of hope.

"She appears so well," she would reiterate, "surely, surely she will get better."

"I am sorry to be a bearer of ill words," he would answer, "but she has not the vitality to rally from her injuries,

and she is at present living entirely on her nerves."

So Margaret held her dear friend's hand, counting every moment and acceding to the request of those poor souls who came to the door for the consolation and cheer Mother Nail alone knew how to give them, and to deposit a few humble offerings with a look and a prayer as though they were laying them on some shrine. Miss Hobart's mad way of rushing at this, that, and the other thing was quieted now, and she even proposed to give up the evening meetings for a while that she might be in the sitting-room more, but Little Mother Nail said "No, the light in Haymarket Square must never go out because of me," so the meetings went on regularly. Toward the last of the week Mother Nail began to grow restless, and one night when the tramp of feet on the Mission stairs began, she turned to Margaret—"We both know what is coming, dear," she said, "and I feel it near. I want to talk to my stray lambs to-night. Will you take me out?" Margaret hesitated a moment and then, stooping, took the slight figure in her strong young arms and went out to the Mission room. A dozen ready hands built up the speaker's chair with shawls and coats, providing a rough resting place, and with difficulty restrained a shout of joy as the little form was placed on them. In the confusion the tall bronzed man entered unnoticed and stood for a moment watching the little figure bent with age, and the tall, straight one beside it, with a curious expression on his face. No one noticed him, and he took a corner seat and pulled his hat down over his eyes.

Presently Little Mother Nail, having regained her breath, began to speak. As her voice gained in strength the man in the corner seat pushed back his hat and regarded her earnestly. Margaret's eye caught his, and confusedly she turned from his face to the one beside her. But Little Mother Nail talked on—and chose, for what she knew was to be her last talk to her beloved "lambs," the story of the Woman of Samaria. "Once in her youth," she said, "she had heard a great

man preach and linger lovingly on this sentence: 'And He must needs go through Samaria.' He must needs," she said, "and we all have our 'must needs,' and our Samaria; a land of difficulties, where the thorn tree abounds rather than the rose." And so talking, her sweet old voice quivering with love for them, she showed them the way through *their* "Samaria," with Christ, the well where they should drink.

Presently she paused. She was growing dizzy and weak, but, clasping Margaret's hand, she roused herself for a last effort. "You must needs go through Samaria," she said, "but, oh! my little children, falter not, for beyond the Bethany with green hills and feeding flocks—" her voice grew husky, and she could not go on. Something seemed to choke her. Men and women wept together; some silently, some sobbing outright, when suddenly watching, Margaret saw the big brown man shake himself, as if to clear away a lingering dread or doubt, and rise to his feet—and then—through the room the beautiful tenor that had quieted Mother Nail the evening of her accident, rang out the second verse of grand old "Bethany:"

"Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down—"

Little Mother Nail roused herself. "It sounds like Thad," she muttered dreamily.

"Darkness is over me,  
My rest a stone—"

went on the voice. Every one knew the air, every one the words, but no one joined in. Something held them back. Margaret took a step forward, her eyes ablaze.

"Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer my God to Thee."

Little Mother Nail, making a last effort, shook off the stupor that bound her. "Thad! my boy, Thad!" she cried. The high, sweet voice broke in a sob, the big brown man came with one leap to her side.

"Mother," he cried, "I have come through Samaria to Bethany. My blessed mother, speak to me!"

"The Lord is good," she said in a whisper. "Behold my son which was lost, is found!"

One man whom the little woman had literally pulled from the gutter, fell on his knees sobbing, and in a voice choked with tears, prayed. The big brown man lifted the little mother tenderly and carried her back to her room, bending to catch her whispered words.

The shock of joy proved too much for Little Mother Nail. She lingered all the next day, breathing her thanks to her Father and smiling on her son. In the afternoon they drew her couch close to the window, where she watched the glory of the sunset clouds over the tops of the tall buildings, speaking little, and clasping tightly her son's warm hand on the one side and Margaret's pale, cold one on the other.

The crimson clouds grew purple, and the purple began to fade to pale amethyst; Little Mother Nail turned slightly on her pillow. "And the heavens departed like a scroll when it rolled together," she whispered, and then it was quiet once more.

Miss Hobart came in and kissed her tenderly, then left with sad eyes to ease a poor woman's sufferings.

The amethyst in its turn faded, and now the sky was a pearl gray, and down on the horizon, which the tall buildings hid from view, was a bar of golden light.

Little Mother Nail made one last effort, and placing Margaret's hand in Thad's, she tried to speak. Margaret bent over her. "Be good to him for my sake, she said. "My children both, and His, be true, be brave." Then once more it was quiet.

The pearl and crimson disappeared together, and the evening's tramp of feet on the Mission stairs began. Quietly the big brown man slid his hand from under Margaret's, and in turn slipped hers from the pale fingers that clasped it so tight. Gently he stooped and kissed the dear old face, where the glory of the rising moon now lay, a halo and a benediction, and whispered, "I have passed the Samaria you appointed, Margaret,



and have come to Bethany. Is my reward waiting, Margaret?"

And Margaret put her hand in his, and her eyes brimming with tears, answered: "When the trouble first came, Thad, I promised when you had fought and won the battle, you should have your wish. To-night, over her dear body, I repeat the promise." Then they went out into the lighted room together.

Over the soft white curls, and the pale sweet face, next day, tears rained down from the loving faces that bent

over her, and every one, even the poorest, brought a little blossom to lay beside her, and last of all, stumbling up the stairs, with eyes too full to guard his steps, came one forlorn wretch of a man, and laid on the quiet breast a sprig of evergreen and a torn, dirty brown paper, which read:

"I promise, for her sake, to never drink no more, and I promise, for her sake, to be honest, an' I promise for her sake, to do my best, God willin'."

"SOOTY MIKE."

### THE GNOMES OF THE WIND.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THEY ride in legions through the air,  
Howling and whistling as they go,  
They dance about the forest bare  
And toss the branches to and fro.  
Where autumn leaves bestrew the ground—  
The dead, brown leaves of days long past—  
They make them dance to merry sound  
And bear them on the rising blast.

The gnomes pass onward to the sea  
And fill the vessel's outstretched sail,  
The wild waves frolic merrily  
And leap before the winter gale.  
They brush the storm-clouds from the sky  
And drive them to the east and west,  
Then to far distant lands they fly  
And leave the troubled sea at rest.

Passing by night on beating wing  
The gnomes sweep down the wooded hill,  
And oftentimes I hear them sing  
In mighty chorus, loud and shrill.  
And then again their voice is low,  
Slowly and wearily they fly,  
Their burden is a stain of woe,  
That passes in a mournful sigh.

But in the eventide of spring,  
When toil is done and day is spent,  
Fair dreams of Peace and Rest they bring;  
They bear the violet's sweetest scent.  
Tales of Delight and Love they tell,  
And then like some great poet's rhyme  
The wind-wings beat and breezes swell  
To bear afar the vesper chime.



## DISAPPEARED; OR THE RUSSEL AFFAIR.

BY LEIGH NORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE TWO HELENS," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### HOSPITAL NURSING.

LIFE for Alice Russel had become a sad burden. Weary, yet expectant hours were followed by days, by weeks, by months, with a situation still unchanged. She had been the quiet one, Harry the life of the house. Now its constant silence oppressed her. She listened in vain for his quick step on the stair, the sound of his whistle, the echo of his laugh. Sleep fled from her more and more, and the night began to be haunted by strange apparitions and heart-rending visions. She knew that she must rouse herself or succumb entirely.

"Paul," she said, one night, "I must do something. This is killing me, and I cannot die till I see him once more; till I know the best or worst."

Paul Deland came constantly, sometimes daily. He felt now, more and more, the hopelessness of all effort. He had little to suggest, nothing to tell her. Sometimes he sat almost silent for the hour they were together. But at least he must watch over, help her, if he could, in any way.

"I have made up my mind," she went on, with the composure that usually characterized her speech, "to take up nursing. I always had rather a gift for it. I always liked it. Till—till—who knows? Perhaps Harry may come back to me broken down by all he has gone through, and needing just such experience as I will have gained. And I must, *must* have something to do that takes me out of myself. Ah! you do not know," stretching out her hands, with a piteous motion, "what all this time has been to me!"

Paul turned away his head. He marvelled at her unshaken confidence, he almost cursed his own powerlessness.

"Would you not wait till they return?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"No. I have waited. I can wait no

longer. Beside, Mrs. Cameron, my father's wife, has been taken seriously ill, and they are not able to return immediately."

"Oh! I wish Kate were with you!"

Paul almost groaned.

"Poor Kate! she is almost frantic," Alice said, smiling faintly, "but my father will not let her return alone, and, indeed, now he could ill spare her. But occupation will be better for me than even Kate's companionship. I have seen Dr. Bliss at the Rayne Hospital and told him just how I feel and what I want to do. It is irregular, but, since I give my services, he will make a place for me. I feel sure that trying to help other people bear their miseries will help me to bear my own. Don't try to keep me back," she went on, as Paul would have spoken, "you have been so good, so good to me, I shall never forget it. But it will be the truest kindness not to oppose me in this. And I am anxious to have it all arranged before my father returns. I want to be spared his opposition, which, however, could not deter me. I shall leave trusty care-takers in the house, that it may be warm and lighted and ready for him, if he comes, and I shall return myself often to see that all is as it should be."

"But, Alice, can you stand it? Can you bear such a strain on your nerves? Have you considered what it will be?"

"Yes, everything. I am strong, though I may not look so. If I have lived—kept alive through the last few months—there is nothing I can't bear, and work, such work as that, will be a blessing in disguise."

"God grant it," he answered, solemnly.

The long wards of a hospital, the night watches, even by the couch of death, were now Alice Russel's portion. But with it came new strength and a restfulness, even in the midst of her waiting, that had been

before unknown. Now, that she had stretched out her hand to help her brother, a new trust in an over-ruling Providence calmed her spirit. All would be well at last. Her brief hours of repose were refreshed by slumber, and a faint tinge of color came back to her pale face, a return of elasticity to her step. No more experienced nurse had a quieter foot-fall, none a gentler hand or more sympathizing spirit, and she soon won favor from all.

"If you were in search of a vocation, I think you have found it, Mrs. Russel," said Dr. Bliss, kindly, noting with pleasure the improvement in her appearance.

She smiled sadly.

"I have you to thank for letting me make the discovery."

One day she was called upon to bandage the eyes of a patient, a poor, little, crippled old man.

"You be very kind, ma'am," he said, as he stood patiently under the touch of her deft and tender fingers.

"And you have been very brave," she answered, "for I know you have suffered a great deal."

"It's for Joey, ma'am, I'm so anxious to get 'em well again."

"And who is Joey?"

"He's my grandson. He's a place in Mr. North's office. I keep things tidy at home, but it's hard work when I can see so poorly."

She started a little at the name.

"Did you know Mr. North, ma'am?"

"Yes—" the reply came a little unsteadily. "I have to go to his office on business sometimes."

"Oh! then you have seen Joey, perhaps?" with newly-awakened interest.

"I don't remember, but perhaps I did. I have always been so much in trouble when I was there, I did not notice."

"Might I make so bold as to ask your name, ma'am?"

"Mrs. Russel."

"Not the poor lady who lost her husband?"

"The same."

"But I didn't know you were a nurse."

"I came here because I felt sure it

would help me to try and help other people. And it has. Now, you must not move the bandage."

"No, ma'am. I'm to come again tomorrow. I can see a little out of the other eye and help myself along with the stick. And thank you so much, good lady."

But the old man went away looking troubled; his small figure bowed even lower than usual. The dread that had haunted him about Ike redoubled, now that the terrible mystery seemed to associate itself with his gentle attendant.

"O Joey! I wish we could get hold of Ike again," were his first words when his grandson came home.

"What for?" said Joe, in surprise, the subject not having been mentioned between them for some time.

"Why, that lady, that Mrs. Russel, is a nurse in the hospital, and she was so good to me."

Joe whistled in astonishment.

"I've seen her at Mr. North's office. She's a rich lady. What's she there for?"

"I wish we could find Ike," went on the old man, unheeding. "I've always the notion mebber he know'd more of that matter than he let on."

"Now, grandad," said Joe, with sturdy determination, "just you quit that notion. I don't believe it, and if you keep botherin' about it you'll do your eyes a mischief. Ike'll turn up when he gits ready, and I hope that won't be soon," he added to himself, "and he won't turn up before. I wish Ike was to the South Pole meself, or some other hot place."

## CHAPTER VII.

### MR. CAMERON'S INTERVIEWS.

THE Camerons were at home again. Mrs. Cameron's illness, though somewhat obstinate in character, had at last succumbed to a skillful physician and Kate's faithful nursing, which had drawn closer the bonds of friendship and affection between the young step-mother and her husband's daughter. The former had highly appreciated the unwearied kind-

ness of her nurse, while the latter gave the patient full credit for the manner in which she endured weakness and suffering, and the consideration she showed to spare those around her as much as possible.

"I never expected to like Clara so much," Kate admitted frankly to her sister afterward.

In spite of her new duties Alice had superintended the opening and preparing of her father's house, and with Paul Deland was there to receive the travelers. Kate threw herself into her sister's arms and burst into tears, and it was the elder who soothed and quieted her.

"What's this ridiculous nonsense about your being a nurse?" asked Mr. Cameron, for Alice had felt it best to write, and in some degree prepare him for it. "If I had been at home I would not have allowed it for one moment."

"I suppose not," she answered, smiling faintly.

"I ought to have been sent for before."

"You could have done nothing, father."

"I don't know about that. We shall see now that I *am* here. You are pale and thin. You are wearing yourself out with this foolish fad of nursing."

"I am feeling better than I was, thank you. Occupation is a great boon to me."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Cameron, impatiently.

"Kate is a famous nurse," ventured Mrs. Cameron, uneasily, hoping to divert him from the subject under discussion. "I almost think she saved my life. I shall never cease to be grateful to her."

"That is the proper place for a woman to nurse, in her own home. But for wealthy and educated ladies to take up such work in a common hospital is a thing I distinctly disapprove."

"Father," Alice spoke with a gentle determination, which unconsciously impressed him, "I know that you mean all that is kind. But I must beg, as a personal favor, that you will cease to talk about the matter. It is an accom-

plished fact, for the present. Believe me, I did not undertake it without due consideration," and leaving him no opportunity to reply, she went to look after Dick.

"Kate," Paul Deland was saying, looking at her thoughtfully, "I never knew how much you were like Alice before."

"Alice is an angel!" Kate responded, brokenly.

"So she is," came fervently from Paul.

"I always loved to be thought like her," the girl went on, "and perhaps, as we grow older, the resemblance increases, but she is all my mother. and I have taken more from papa. What a fuss he is in over Alice's nursing. It almost eclipses the more terrible matter; but perhaps it is the very best thing for her."

"Yes," he answered, "I did not think so at first, and dreaded the experience for her, but, so far at least, it has proved successful. She is a wise woman, and looks much better than she did. Oh! if you could have seen her at the worst! But now you are here to watch over her, all will be well. I have done what I could, but there was very little in my power. You have more influence with her, and I hope can prevail upon her to give up if it become too much for her."

"I know you have been a great comfort to her," said Kate.

He looked down and was silent, he could not find words to reply. Their conference was broken into by Mr. Cameron's impatient tones:

"Kate, I wish you'd find that waiter, the fire has been very carelessly attended to. If he does not see to his business better he'll have to be superseded. The servants in America are really unbearable, in Europe one is much better served."

And in the pauses of the discussion that ensued Paul took his leave.

Mr. Cameron held interviews with Mr. Morton, Mr. North, Paul Deland, and various other people on the subject of his son-in-law's disappearance. He expressed himself with energy and indignation,

both as regards the main facts of the case and the impropriety of his not having been sent for sooner, but he could throw no light upon the matter, and the consideration of the whole question ended where it had begun.

Mr. Morton received him in his private office with courtesy, but secret reluctance. Beside the actual losses which it involved, the whole subject had become extremely painful to him, and he disliked talking it over with any one.

"Good morning, Mr. Cameron, so you have returned. Be seated," handing him a chair.

"Yes, sir," said that gentleman, stiffly, "and I am much dissatisfied that I was not sent for before. I hardly can say, sir, who is to blame, but I have not been treated with the courtesy and consideration I had every right to expect."

"I regret that you take this view," responded Mr. Morton, blandly. "I am sure no discourtesy was intended. But it was by Mrs. Russel's particular wish that you were not sooner informed."

"A mere womanish notion, to which it was very wrong to yield!"

"Probably, my dear sir, she was unwilling to interfere unnecessarily with your trip. It showed much delicacy of feeling, I thought."

"No doubt, no doubt, it was well intended," responded Mr. Cameron, impatiently, "but I was the person that should have been consulted at once."

"All parties concerned would be happy, most happy, I doubt not to place the matter in your or any other competent hands that were able to unravel the mystery. What is your explanation, your theory of the affair?"

Mr. Cameron reddened and dropped his point.

"What is your explanation, your theory of the case?" he asked.

"There have been many theories," was the evasive reply.

"But yours?" persisted his questioner.

"I have adopted no theory, sir, or at least none that I wish to promulgate. It is a most painful idea that the young

man should have come to his death by violence; it would be also very painful if he was in any way himself responsible for his disappearance. It is best to let theories alone and continue our search for facts."

"Of course I had best see Mr. North, the lawyer?"

"I suppose so," said Mr. Morton, endeavoring to suppress any show of alacrity at the prospect of his irascible guest's departure, and shortly after bowed him out.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Cameron," was Mr. North's salutation. "I hope you will find it in your power to give us valuable assistance in this unfortunate affair. Joseph, oblige me by withdrawing with your penknives," as a familiar thud was heard, and Joe, in great confusion, retired.

"My 'valuable assistance' seemed to be little counted upon, sir, as I was not informed of the state of affairs," retorted Mr. Cameron, flushing at once at this reference.

"Certainly, certainly, my dear sir, you should have been sent for, but we yielded to poor Mrs. Russel. The idea of abbreviating your trip seemed to distress her. But now you are here of course, we shall have, as I said before, your valuable assistance. Can you throw any light on the subject? Can you imagine what has become of the young man? And the papers, too, are important."

"I—I really," stammered Mr. Cameron, "I do not know."

"Ah, we are all much in the same boat then."

"But you—you are a lawyer, you surely have some theory?"

"Theories enough, my dear sir, and, what is better, an occasional clue; but nothing as yet that can be depended upon. The world is not a very large place, after all, and I do not despair of the mystery's being brought to light. But it takes time, we must have patience."

"Patience!" echoed Mr. Cameron, impatiently.

"Now, my dear sir," said Mr. North, drawing out his watch, "I am very sorry,



but I shall have to ask you to excuse me. I have an engagement at court. You will kindly let me hear from you when you have anything to communicate. Good day," and, shaking hands with his visitor, he hurried away.

"I am very much displeased with Alice and with you, Deland," said Mr. Cameron, when he had secured an interview with the latter, "for not sending for me sooner."

Paul cared little for strictures on his own account, but criticisms on Alice were most distasteful.

"I beg your pardon, but I think Mrs. Russel's feelings were the first thing to be considered."

"Not at all! not at all! sir," waxing angry and venturing to show it more than he had previously done. "I was the person to consider."

Paul repressed a shrug of the shoulders.

"What can you do, sir, now you *are* here?"

"I should have been differently treated. You were all very wrong to yield to Alice in this matter. Her father was the proper person to advise her."

"Perhaps—but what do you advise now? For my part, I am beginning to believe he is dead, though I would not say it to her."

"Impossible! Do you think he could have absconded?"

"No!" said Paul, fiercely. "He had means and position, and the loveliest wife in the world. What object could he have had? I will never believe ill of him."

"Perhaps he has been made way with," said Mr. Cameron, as if the idea was new.

"There is no knowing, sir. We can only hope time may reveal."

So they parted, and Mrs. Cameron had rather a bad quarter of an hour after her husband got home from his unsatisfactory trip.

## CHAPTER VIII.

TWENTY-FIVE LEMON STREET.

DAY after day old Stephens, Joe's grandfather, had made his way painfully

to the hospital to undergo the treatment necessary for the restoration of his eyes. It was a tedious and suffering experience; but the doctors gave him reason to hope that although one of them might not be materially benefited, the other would be almost completely restored, and, buoyed up by this, the old man endured all with the utmost patience and fortitude. It was frequently Alice Russel's duty to attend upon him, and gladly did he welcome her gentle ministrations. She was so sympathizing and interested that he was led on to tell her all his story, and now and then she pressed on him some little substantial remembrance and even promised, if leisure afforded, to come to his poor home to see him. As his gratitude and affection for her increased, so did his sympathy for her great trouble, and the idea took complete possession of his mind that if he could only see Ike once more he might find out something about it.

He well knew Ike was little worthy of consideration, but he could not bear the thought of lifting his hand against his Mary's child. It was not long after when the door of his little room opened, and the object of his constant meditation appeared.

"Hullo! grandad," said Ike.

Never had the old man been more truly glad to see him, yet he trembled before him, not so much with any idea of personal violence, as the thought that some ill-chosen word of his own might drive Ike away before he had obtained the information he sought.

"You aint dead yet, old beggar?" continued Ike, seating himself, and thrusting his hat back on his head.

"Be you well, Ike?" responded the old man, mildly.

"Well as I can be without a sight of your sweet face," answered the other, with a rude laugh.

"Are you going to stay at home now?" questioned his grandfather.

"Ha! ha! Stay at home! That would be a joke. Blame you, no! I aint going to stay at home neither. Give me some cash, I know you've some hid away somewhere, and I'll clear out."

"Where do you live? Who are you with?" the elder asked, ignoring for the present the evident threat in his voice.

"Oh! Black Cock and Surly Tim and Grizzly Bear, and a lot of jolly fellows." He had been drinking or perhaps he might not have been so communicative. "But hold your jaw and fork over!"

"So I will," replied Mr. Stephens, "when you tell me where you live."

Ike hesitated, but he did not think there was any fear of the poor cripple's pursuing him. "Fifty places," he answered, evasively. "Hand over!"

"Not till you tell me," was the steady response.

Ike looked at his grandfather and the old man waited silently.

The younger and stronger could have obtained all he wished by violence, but he knew his grandfather had no little determination, and a row might have inconvenient consequences. He therefore hesitated. "Hand over!" threateningly.

"Where do you live?"

"Twenty-five Lemon Street," was the sullen response. "Leastwise," with a leering laugh, "when I aint elsewhere."

But the old man was satisfied. He knew that in this he had at least some clue upon which he might depend to his grandson's whereabouts. With trembling fingers he undid an old stocking and drew forth his little treasures. They were chiefly what Mrs. Russel had given him, but they must go in her service now. He had not even told Joey of their existence, keeping them for some little treat for him or some special time of need in household matters. He retained one of the small coins and handed the rest to Ike. That worthy glanced greedily at his grandfather's little remainder, and for a moment seemed inclined to grasp that also, but thought better of it and dropped the larger share in his pocket.

"How's that little villain, Joe?"

"You let Joe alone," said his grandfather, almost fiercely.

"I cleaned him out last time. I guess I don't want nuthin' of him this," said Ike, as if it was a boast of which to be

proud, then turned on his heel and went his way. The old man took a scrap of paper and wrote with trembling hand the names and number Ike had given him, then put it in the old stocking and restored it to its place. But he told Joe no word of his visitor.

Stormy weather and other hindrances prevented him for several days from getting to the hospital, which he was feverishly anxious to accomplish. At last, however, he was able to go and receive the usual attention.

"If you please, ma'am," he said, as Mrs. Russel tied on the last bandage, "I'd like a few words with you."

"Certainly," she replied, supposing some concern of his own occupied his mind, "wait in this little room," opening an adjoining door, "and I will be with you as soon as I can find leisure. I will not keep you long," she added, considerably. He sat with his head bent, studying over to himself how he should best accomplish his purpose.

Presently she was beside him once more, a tall, slight figure in a gray dress and a white cap and apron, with a pale, sweet face and soft eyes bent kindly upon him.

"I—I don't know how to begin, ma'am. Oh! please," clasping his sadly crooked and misshapen hands together, "don't get poor Ike in trouble. He's my Mary's boy and she'd never 'a' forgiven me if I did him a mischief."

Mrs. Russel drew a chair toward her and sat down. The story might take longer than she had anticipated.

"Go on," she said, encouragingly, and, as the old man hesitated, "I don't very well understand you yet, but, of course, I would not wish to get any friend of yours in trouble."

"Ike is my grandson, and you see," he went on, desperately, "he's not in good company, poor boy, I'm afraid, and I don't know as I'm right, but—but I thought mebbe them fellows as he's with might 'a' know'd somethin' about your husband." She started and turned deathly pale for a moment, but did not speak. Old Stephens twisted uneasily in his chair, then went on, "Ike asked Joe

some question as set me thinkin' on't. Likely I aint right, but you've been so good to me and I'm so sorry for your trouble, I jest thought, perhaps, if I telt you the names and address Ike give'd me you might be able to find out something." He fumbled in his pocket, repeating, "25 Lemon Street, Black Cock and Surly Tim and Grizzly Bear," and then handed her the wrinkled scrap of paper. As he repeated the names she started suddenly, and like a vision a memory of the past came before her. Why had she not thought of it sooner? And was it possible that it had some connection with the terrible sorrow that had overshadowed her life?

"Do you know any of these men?" she asked, resolutely repressing any show of feeling. "Have you any real cause to think them connected with the affair?"

"No, ma'am, only I can't get it out of my head that they be, and I thought it might help if I'd tell you. Only if poor Ike gets in trouble for me I'll be fit to kill myself."

"Trust me," she said, after a moment's pause, "to do what is right and best in the matter. Your grandson shall be considered, if it is in my power to have it so. Remember what a great crime it is if he has shared in injuring an innocent person. And you were quite right to come and tell me. We must try to find out what ill thing they have done, and get some light on this dreadful mystery. But, perhaps," and there came a sudden hopelessness into her tone, "you are mistaken. Leave the matter in my hands. Do not speak of it to any one and I will see what can be done about it. Thank you so much," she went on, laying her hand on his, "I shall always be grateful for the kindness you intended me, even if nothing comes of it." And so the old man went his way.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### A CLUE.

MRS. RUSSEL stood for a moment, with clasped hands, after the old man left her. A tumult of hope and fear surged in her bosom. The discovery, if such it was, might lead to nothing. It might lead to

worse than her imagination had already painted. She waited and tried to calm herself. Not thus was her brave and resolute spirit to be overcome. She had others to think and act for now beside herself. And after a few minutes she was able to return to her duties till such hour as she could find leisure to go to Mr. North.

Closely veiled, she made her way to his office at last. She would not that any curious or careless eye should read her agitation in her face. Joe only was in possession. He had experienced a sad disappointment that morning. His paper novels had given him rather a taste for exciting literature, and noting for the first time among Mr. North's books *Herman on Executions*, he began to fancy that, perhaps, the law might afford something more entertaining in the way of reading matter than he had supposed. He had permission now and then to look at a book if it was returned to its niche in the case, and was absorbed in the unsatisfactory quest for horrors when Mrs. Russel entered.

"No, ma'am, Mr. North aint in, but I'm expecting him every minute."

She loosened her veil and took the chair he offered.

"This is Mr. Stephens's grandson, I think."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And he is getting better, your grandfather I mean?"

"Oh! yes, 'm," with a snatch at a falling pocket-knife, "he'll do fine after a bit. If you be Mrs. Russel, as I think you be, grandad and I are mighty obliged to you."

"I am glad if I have been of any service to him. He is a good old man and bears his sufferings bravely. He tells me you are a great comfort to him, as I hope you will continue to be."

Joe colored and scratched his head for a reply, and being at a loss was relieved by the entrance of Mr. North.

"Glad to see you, Mrs. Russel," with a compassionate glance at his visitor, and he led the way to the inner office. "Joseph, do not let any one interrupt us," was his order to the waiting lad.

"It is so strange," began Alice, after a pause to collect herself, "that this old man's story," and she proceeded to relate it, "recalls something else that may be of moment, which I had not thought of before."

Mr. North was looking over his papers and referred to some of them as he took down the names and address she gave him.

"I will tell you frankly, Mrs. Russel, we have had an eye on that gang of fellows, and your information may prove important; it is at least corroborative."

"Try and spare the poor old man's grandson, if you can."

"Justice first, mercy afterward," was the lawyer's rather grim reply. But he added, more gently: "I fancy this Ike is not a principal or chief member of the concern. And comfort yourself with the reflection that the old man in whom you are interested is not our sole source of information. Joe's grandfather, did you say? Ah! the lad may know more of the matter than he is aware of. I must question him later. What else was it you spoke of?"

"Some time ago, I cannot tell how long before my husband disappeared, he and I were walking through rather a forlorn part of the city one evening, and passing a group of men one of them made an insulting remark to or about me. As quick as thought Harry dropped my arm, stepped back, and knocked him down. Had not the blow been so unexpected it would never have accomplished that, for he was a much more powerful man than my husband. No chance was given me to expostulate, and we might have got into serious difficulty from Harry's rashness. But I heard a rude laugh and an exclamation from the group: 'Serves you right, Black Cock?' and as he sprang up and would have rushed after us (for Harry instantly hurried me away), they held him back, and his curses and threats of vengeance rang in my ear as we turned the corner. It was a very painful incident to me, and I have told it to no one, so that, strange to say, I did not recall it till I heard the old man's story."

Mr. North rose to his feet and took a turn about the room in suppressed excitement.

"Not a word of this to any one, Mrs. Russel, but I have not a doubt now that we shall soon be able to lay hands on some of the parties concerned in this nefarious transaction. But the utmost secrecy is necessary lest any of them get wind of it and escape us. I wish we had had your information sooner; all our late researches have pointed in this same direction, but it is invaluable now. You have shown yourself a brave woman. Try and keep up a little longer."

She rose and drew her veil around her.

"There is nothing more, I think?"

"Nothing," he answered, and bowed her out. "God grant those devils have not made an end of him, but it has a black look to me, now," he thought, to himself.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE FIRE.

"FIRE! fire!" The cry spread swiftly from house to house, from street to street. The midnight heavens were dyed with a sudden brilliance of color. In a few moments all was hurry, bustle, and excitement, as an ever-increasing crowd rolled on toward the scene of disaster.

No one could tell how it had originated. First a factory, then a stable, then a small dwelling-house burst into flame. The wind caught the sparks, and toying with them, drove them onward, and there sprang up another and another answering jet of fire. Man fought it inch by inch, but prevailed nothing. It seemed as if that whole section of the city would be destroyed.

Deeds of heroism, deeds of savage cruelty, in the wild effort for self-preservation were wrought unnoted and unknown. It was an evil quarter of the town, it would be cleansed by a molten flood. Few slept through, some never forgot the terrors of that night. The hospital doors were open, its wards overflowing with wounded and dying men, women, and children. Doctors and nurses were taxed to the ut-



most of their powers, as another and another was brought in and laid on mattresses on the floor. All the ordinary rules of admittance were suspended. The critical occasion dominated the situation.

Alice Russel was at her post; she passed swiftly from couch to couch, stooping here, kneeling there, to alleviate the sufferings of some human frame; cutting away scorched garments, pausing to breathe a low prayer to soothe, as she might in such a moment, the dying pillow. She had drunk deep of the cup of life's experiences since she had left her once happy home.

"Look after this case, Nurse Russel," said the doctor, in quiet but peremptory tones.

She turned to obey him. The figure of a tall, sinewy man lay extended before her, with clothing torn, grimy, and soiled, with features blackened with smoke, yet with a deadly pallor beneath. She stooped and placed her ear to his lips to be sure that he still breathed, it almost seemed as if life was extinct. But presently she heard a faint groan, and proceeded to cut away his torn garments and bathe the discolored face. As she deftly ripped up

his sleeve and the naked arm was exposed, she half started back, for distinct before her, on the white skin, pricked out and filled in with india ink, was the picture of a black cock, and she knew with a swift certainty that the destroyer of her happiness lay before her. To this man she did not doubt that she owed the condensed misery of the past months. Was it revenge for that just chastisement that prompted him? Who can tell? As never before her heart died within her, and something seemed to say that hope was over, that her husband could be no more. This man perhaps was his murderer. For what bonds, what perils, what stretches of land or sea would have kept him from her were he alive? And this man, too, might go down to the grave leaving the story untold, the mystery unsolved. She felt sick and faint with the thought of it all. But she must rouse herself.

And with the calmness and self-control that had been increased by recent training she returned to the duties of the hour. The end must be left in God's hand. No deed of hers could hasten the slow evolution of events.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MATURITY.

BY L. M. GREGG.

**W**ELCOME, Maturity, for so thou art,  
Though life from frequent tasting hath in part  
Its savor lost; and joy once passing sweet  
Doth not now make the pulse so swiftly beat,  
Yet still thou dost a compensation bring—  
That grief no longer can so deeply sting;  
Ingratitude hath not the power to grieve  
As when our faith its first blow did receive;  
Experience, once a stranger at our door,  
Hath yielded much of all her varied store;  
And Hope, our Pegasus, that hath so oft,  
Been brought to grief when soaring far aloft,  
And felt the check of Disappointment's rein—  
Is now too wise to try his wings in vain,  
And on calm Reason doth with patience wait:—  
All this, Maturity, we owe thy state;  
The way to firm endurance thou dost show,  
And biddest us meet bravely man's last foe.

## TIBBIE'S BALL.

BY JESSIE S. ALLEN.

"**N**OW, when we get the money for these two hats, you can get a coat, for it is so cold, you really cannot go out without one, Rebecca." The speaker was a woman thirty-five years of age, the second of three old-maid sisters who lived together in a little house and trimmed hats for a living. The little house was on a little quiet street, and everything about it and everything about the sisters' lives was conducted on a very little and very quiet scale. The little room in which they sat looked just like the sisters, poor and tidy. A few old horse-hair chairs, a little table, on which was a lamp and a box of ribbons and feathers. On the mantel was a little clock, and some cards were arranged in order on each side of the clock, and on each end of the mantel was a box covered with shells. Every ornament was very small and primly arranged, and the room was very, *very* quiet! If only the clock would strike, or one of the boxes fall down, or something.

The two women who sat there, each trimming a hat, were great contrasts. Sarah, the elder, was thin and plain, very straight and altogether old maidish. She had straw-colored hair, drawn tightly back in a little prim knot, light-blue eyes with light lashes, a thin, sallow face, and a mouth that was sensitive but firm. She was thirty-seven and Rebecca was thirty-five.

Rebecca was thin, too, and very awkward and round-shouldered, but not at all prim. She had a thin, slender face, with great black eyes that looked twice as large because of the deep dark lines around them. She was pale and delicate-looking, and her mouth made one think she was going to cry all the time. Her great mass of heavy black hair was put up carefully in a large coil, through which showed dozens of hair-pins. They sewed swiftly, but quietly, and had the scissors dropped they would have been startled.

"Yes, but, Sarah, I can't buy a coat with two dollars," said Rebecca, finally breaking the silence.

"No, but we have two dollars up-stairs, you know," said Sarah.

"But that is to get *you* a coat some-time, dear."

"Oh! I can wear that shawl we have, very well, now that I come to think of it, it *isn't* so bad as we thought, and you get a—"

Just then the door opened and Tibbie stood in the doorway. Tibbie was the youngest and the pride. She was thin and rather round-shouldered, but her face was not thin, and there was quite a rosy tint in her cheeks. Her eyes were brown, and one saw a hungry look in them that made one's heart ache. Her hair was brown, too, and although she tried to put it up primly, a little curl or two would stick out. Although she was twenty-six she was looked upon as almost a child by her sisters.

"Why, Tibbie, you look real excited," said Sarah.

"Why, I should think so, she looks *very* excited, Sarah," said Rebecca.

"What is that, Tibbie—a letter?"

"No," said Tibbie, breathlessly, "it's an—an—invitation."

"A *what*?" cried both her sisters in subdued but startled tones.

"An invitation to a—a ball."

"To a *WHAT*?" they cried in louder tones, and then Sarah, straightening herself up, said in a low voice:

"Now, Tibbie, there must be some mistake; come, tell us all about it."

"Really, there is no mistake at all, it is addressed to me—plain as day, and it says that Mr. and Mrs. Gram request the pleasure of my company at a ball—November 18th."

"Mr. and Mrs. *Gram*!" exclaimed Sarah. "At their elegant mansion! Oh! truly, there is some mistake!"

"No, no, dear," said Rebecca. "I understand it all. Don't you know, Tibbie went and nursed their little girl

when she had scarlet fever and would take no pay for it?"

"Yes," exclaimed Tibbie. "And Mrs. Gram said at the time, 'well, if you'll take no pay, I'll do something for you, for I never knew any one so kind.'"

"Oh! yes, that must be it," said Sarah, and Rebecca murmured:

"Poor child! I wish you could go."

"Ah! I wish I could," sighed Tibbie.

"Hush, children!" said Sarah, "you should not wish it, we have so many blessings."

"Sarah, dear, I was not complaining," said Tibbie, softly, and she went out to the kitchen to finish up the dishes.

She washed up the few tins and carefully polished the floor, but her mind was far from the little kitchen, and she seemed to hear the soft music of a waltz and see elegant dresses and beautiful faces go gliding by. When all was done she put on a clean apron and went into the parlor again.

"Why, what are you doing?" she exclaimed, in amazement. For, seated by the table, were her sisters vigorously ripping up an old yellowish silk dress that had belonged to their grandmother when she was young.

"We are ripping up this old dress, and, *you are going to the ball!*" said Sarah.

"*What?*" Tibbie almost screamed.

"Yes, dear," said Rebecca, with a smile. "You are going to the ball, or we're not old maids."

"But, Rebecca," said Sarah, "we're not old maids, why, you are only—"

But Tibbie interrupted her.

"How can all these faded spots be covered?" she asked.

"Oh! we can buy some ribbon and make bows and sew on," said Rebecca.

"Buy some ribbon? why, where is the money to come from?"

"Oh! when we get the two dollars for these hats that will buy plenty of ribbon, and lace, too, for the neck and sleeves."

"Lace?" Tibbie repeated, trying hard not to smile too delightedly. "But we need the money so badly."

"Oh! no," said Sarah, "we have two more dollars up-stairs, you know."

"And—and—am I really and truly going to the ball?" she asked, tremulously.

"Why yes, dear, certainly! just see if you are not!"

"Glory!" cried Tibbie, and she began to waltz rapidly around the table, making her sisters dumb with amazement.

"O Tibbie! Tibbie! I do wish you would not use such expressions," said Sarah, severely.

"Now, Sarah," murmured Rebecca, "do not check her young spirits."

Sarah bowed her head and went on with her ripping, and a tear rolled down her cheek and fell on her hand. They got the dress ripped up, and all that day and the next worked and sewed and made it look quite like a new dress, and pulled the faded spots around where they could stick on bows and cover them up. The third day Sarah said:

"Well, Tibbie, I guess you can try it on now."

So, with no little flurry and excitement, she put it on, and they took it up and took it in and let it out, and, at last, pronounced it a fit.

"Yes," said Sarah, cautiously, "I must say I call it a good fit."

"Now," said Rebecca, "how shall the sleeves be made?"

"Oh! of course, they must be long, her arms are thin," said Sarah, in a decided voice.

"Well, yes, the sleeves may be long, but the neck ought to be square," ventured Rebecca, timidly.

"Oh! can it be square, may it?" asked Tibbie.

"Of course not!" said Sarah, severely. "I do not approve of low necks and never will!"

"But, Sarah, dear, she must look like the other young girls, it would look so—so plain, you know."

"Ah! Sarah, please! why it's a *ball*," pleaded Tibbie, eagerly.

"Well—er—if it is, just cut a little way—", answered Sarah, slowly. So they cut it a little way and promised to fill it in with lace.

"Now," said Rebecca, "I am going

to take the hats home, and I will take the money and buy the lace and ribbons."

She went out, but it was not long before she returned empty-handed.

"I took the hats to Mrs. Miller, but she says she cannot possibly pay us for quite awhile," she said, with a little smile.

"But, however, I will take the two dollars up-stairs and get the things."

"But, Rebecca, that is to buy you a coat," said Tibbie.

"Oh! never mind, dear, that's all right, we have that shawl, you know, and—er—well, I'll go right off."

She got the money and went out, closing the little door very quietly. When she returned she had a little package, and they came up to the table to see her open it. Out tumbled some ribbon and lace and a pair of silk gloves.

"Gloves!" exclaimed Tibbie. "Why, I hadn't thought—why—why," she was almost ready to cry. But instead she burst into a merry laugh and once more danced around the table. Sarah was beginning to say, "Tibbie, Tibbie!" but closed her lips firmly, and Rebecca murmured gently, "Bless the child."

They gathered the lace in, sewed on the bows, and got it all finished, when Rebecca exclaimed:

"Goodness me! she has no slippers."

No, indeed, she had no slippers.

"I know what to do," said Tibbie.

"Paint those old white ones of grandmother's."

So paint them they did, and made them look a very respectable black indeed. At last the night came—the night. And they carried two lamps into the bed-room and placed them on the old bureau, and the grand preparation began. Her hair was put up carefully and smoothly, and when they were not looking Tibbie pulled out one little curl. Then on went the dress. It caused quite an flutter. All their hands got tangled up, they all talked at once, and even Rebecca's pale face looked flushed.

"How would it do," ventured Rebecca, "to put a bow in her hair?"

"In her hair?" exclaimed Sarah.

"Why, it would look too—too fancy, wouldn't it?"

"Ah! no, Sarah. Just a little bow," pleaded Tibbie. So in went a stiff little bow, and she smiled contentedly. "Now put on the gloves!"

So on went the gloves slowly and carefully.

"Do they fit, dear?" anxiously asked Rebecca.

"Oh! they're a *little* too large, but no matter, they look beautiful. And now I'm ready. Come on, Sarah, are you going with me?" said Tibbie, with the ring of expectancy in her voice.

"In one minute. Wait, let me put a pin in that lace."

"That will do Sarah! Come on—it's late."

"Yes, in one moment, dear."

"But Sarah, Sarah! what are you waiting for?" she said, impatiently.

"Dear, I am *coming*—only wait!"

"But really, I'll be late," Tibbie began frantically, but the sound of wheels in the street interrupted her.

"Now we'll go," said Sarah, "there's the carriage at last!"

"The *what*?" cried Tibbie.

"The carriage, dear—I ordered a carriage."

"Why, Sarah, where in the world did you get the money?"

"Oh! I got it, somewhere, come along?"

"Sarah, I *insist* upon knowing!" cried Tibbie, standing still.

"Well, if you *must* know, I—er—sold my watch chain."

"Sarah!"

"Oh! it's nothing, it was an old thing, you know. Come on!"

"Sarah!"

"Come on, dear, not a word, it's growing late." She hurried her out to the carriage. "Get in, dearie, you can go alone in a carriage. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" she cried, and as the carriage rolled off, they called again:

"Good-bye, dear! have a lovely time!"

The carriage rumbled on and on, and Tibbie felt her cheeks were flushed and her hands were trembling with excitement.

"I'm going to a ball! to a *ball*, Tibbitha! I do *hope* you'll behave right."



At last the carriage stopped before the elegant dwelling. As she stepped out she looked in wonder at the house, for not a light was to be seen except in the bed-room windows. She made her way to the door and rang the bell. A man in livery opened it, and she asked in a low voice :

"Is there no ball here to-night?"

"A ball?" he said. "Why, no, miss, the ball was last night."

"But was it not on the 18th," she asked.

"Yes, miss, but to-night is the 19th. You made a mistake in the date."

"Yes," she said, "yes—yes—so we did—we made a mistake."

"It's really too bad, miss."

"Oh! that's all right, it was only a mistake—that's all."

She got in the carriage again and drove

home. When the carriage stopped the two sisters came to the door with a lamp.

"Why, Tibbie!" said Sarah, "what is the matter?"

"Why did you come home?" asked Rebecca, worriedly.

Tibbie entered the room with a forced little smile. "Oh! it's nothing serious, only—we made a mistake in the date, to-night's the 19th. That's all?—too bad, wasn't it?"

And she went up-stairs and shut the bed-room door, and they heard the key turn in the lock. The two sisters sat and looked at each other in silence. Then Rebecca bowed her head on the table, and Sarah stiffened herself up and looked straight ahead of her. The room seemed smaller than ever, and it was very—very quiet.

## NEVER AGAIN.

BY JAMES J. MCCARRY.

NEVER again! oh! what tidings of sorrow,  
What dark desolation these little words bring,  
Breaking faith in to-day, blighting hope in to-morrow,  
Driving hearts to seek shelter 'neath Charity's wing.  
No more to be with you, to see you, to hear you,  
To add to your pleasure, or lessen your pain,  
No more to be near you, to comfort and cheer you,  
Ah! never again, my love, never again.

At the altars I've raised to the sun in my dreaming,  
I have knelt when your face was the idol enshrined,  
And prayed that the love in your virgin-breast, teeming,  
Might sanctify mine, as our hearts intertwined;  
But Fate broke the spell, Hope's high temple shattered,  
Love's bond rent asunder, and severed the chain,  
Our dreams of Elysian faded and scattered,—  
Ah! never again, my love, never again.

Not purer, the spray, sparkling out in mid-ocean.  
Not gentler, the voices of angels above,  
When the songs set the zephyrs of Heaven in motion,  
Than the soul of my lost one, my darling, my love,  
But there is a Heaven, where true hearts ne'er sever,  
A refuge of peace, after life's fitful pain,  
Where love is eternal, and partings come never,  
Ah! never again, my love, never again.

## THE BROTHERS THREE.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "A BACHELOR'S BLUNDER," "MATRIMONY," "NO NEW THING," ETC., ETC

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

#### A TRIUMPH AND A SHOCK.

VIOLET STANTON was walking down the High Street the morning of the election to see the free and enlightened ones conducted to their destination in the carriages of the neighboring magnates when she was accosted, not a little to her surprise, by Sir Harvey Amherst, who appeared to be in capital health and spirits, and who was, as usual, very nicely dressed.

"I came down to attend our friend Chaine's meeting last night," the ever-green baronet explained. "Of course I didn't say much—nobody ever expects me to say much—but I sat upon the platform and grinned. I was told that it would have a good effect if I did, and one was very glad to do what one could for his father's son, you know."

"It was extremely kind of you to take so much trouble," remarked Violet, wondering whether her former suitor would have been equally accommodating if he had been acquainted with all Wilfrid's designs, and wondering a little, also, whether the reason that he had given was really his sole one for revisiting St. Albyn's.

Sir Harvey relieved her mind of doubt upon the latter point by continuing, with something of a simper—

"I was rather in hopes that I might come across you; I have a piece of news for you upon which I am sure you will congratulate me. I am—er—going to be married."

He tried hard to look and speak modestly about it; he said his good fortune was greater than he was in any way entitled to expect; he admitted that he was getting on in life, whereas his *fiancée* was not yet twenty; but when Violet started with astonishment on hearing him name a young lady of high rank and very considerable beauty, who had been

pointed out to her during the past London season, he could not help triumphing a little.

"I am not sure that it is such a very great disadvantage for a girl to marry a man older than herself," he observed. "After all, it isn't everybody who thinks so, and I am glad to say that *she* doesn't."

A passing vision of eighteen loose boxes floated before Violet's eyes; but she looked at Sir Harvey and she thought of Hubert, and her congratulations were as hearty as they were unaffected. Not a word in allusion to the past was spoken either by her or by her companion, nor did the latter ask her any questions as to her intimacy with the Chaine family. Perhaps he did not know of the existence of that intimacy; perhaps if he did know he did not care. Apparently he had wished to point out to her that other people were less fastidious than she was, and apparently he now felt a little ashamed of having thus crowed and flapped his wings; for he was profuse in friendly assurances and in expressions of hope that she and her mother would honor him with a visit as soon as there should be a Lady Amherst to receive them. Violet made the ambiguous reply which he probably expected, and he took leave of her with much cordiality, saying that he had promised to lunch with Chaine at the White Hart.

Wilfrid was in high good humor, everything was going well with him. The polling had proceeded rapidly, and as far as could be ascertained, satisfactorily; the result, it was believed, would be declared before ten o'clock, and it was regarded so much in the light of a foregone conclusion that several of his friends talked of going home to dinner.

A few actually did so; but the greater part remained with him to partake of such fare as the landlord of the White

Hart could set before them; and hardly had they lighted their cigars, after making the best of this, than they were summoned off to the Town Hall to hear the announcement of the poll.

Loud and prolonged cheers from the crowd outside greeted the figures: Chaine, 2,425; Twistleton, 2,152: a substantial victory, if hardly so overwhelming a one as had been anticipated by the more sanguine. Wilfrid signified his sense of the honor done to him in a neat little speech, not forgetting to pay a few graceful compliments to his vanquished opponent; then there was a good deal of hand-shaking to be gone through; after which the new legislator was free to say good-night to everybody and enter the carriage which was waiting for him.

He was in the act of doing so when a tall man, the collar of whose heavy overcoat was turned up so as to conceal his face, pushed through the crowd and touched him on the elbow, saying: "You might as well take me with you, if you're going home."

"And who are you, pray?" asked Wilfrid, looking round for a policeman.

"Only your brother," answered the tall man in a whisper. "Don't let us have a scene here; I'll tell you all about it in the carriage."

Wilfrid was too thunderstruck to utter a syllable until he and this very unexpected companion were being driven at a smart trot through the dimly-lighted streets, when he gasped out: "Good God, John! what—what is the meaning of this?"

It was not a very warm welcome to extend to one who had apparently returned from the grave; but in truth he hardly knew what he was saying, and felt as though he had been detected in the commission of a crime. John, however, did not seem to resent his brother's lack of natural affection.

"I'm sorry I startled you," he said, apologetically; "I suppose I oughtn't to have done it; but I heard what was going on as soon as I arrived at the station about an hour ago; so I thought I would walk up to the Town Hall, and when I

saw you come out, I couldn't control my patience any longer."

"But—but, my dear fellow," exclaimed Wilfrid, beginning to recover himself a little, "we all thought you were dead! In fact, we had positive information that you were."

"Oh! yes; I took care that the information should be as positive as possible. You see, I thought at the time that it would be a relief to you all to hear of my death, besides, making things rather safer for me, and it wasn't a difficult job to manage, though it cost me rather more money than I could afford. Poor Wharton didn't half like sending those four hundred and fifty dollars home, and of course I had to pay him handsomely for doing it, as well as for running the risk of getting into trouble. However, the risk didn't amount to much; because he had arranged to leave for California within a few weeks, and there really was an Englishman of the name of Brown who was killed by an accident in the way that we described, and whose grave you would have found at Jamestown if any of you had had the curiosity to go and look for it. As for me, I need hardly tell you that I looked upon myself as dead, so far as home and England were concerned, and you would certainly never have heard of me again if I hadn't chanced upon an account of that gamekeeper's confession in a newspaper one day. I had heard of the poor old governor's death before. Ah, well! he served me a dirty turn, that fellow Barton; but I can forgive him. I believed myself to be a murderer for such a long time that I know how a murderer feels, and I know it takes a lot of pluck to face the gallows. Anyhow, it's all over and all right now, thank God! The only thing I'm sorry for is that the governor didn't live to hear that I was innocent."

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

POOR IDA.

THE news of her brother-in-law's victory reached Ida at breakfast time on the day following that on which the result of the election had been made

known, and she was not very sorry to hear that his opponent had run him hard. She would not have been very sorry if his opponent had beaten him outright; still, from a political point of view, it was doubtless well that the Conservative candidate had been returned, while, from a private and personal point of view, it did not greatly signify. In these days members of Parliament must expect to spend at least half of their lives in London—which is sometimes a comfort to their friends and neighbors in the country. Ida, moreover, was not disposed, that morning, to grudge anybody the gratification of a legitimate ambition; for the post had brought her a long letter from Arthur Mayne, every word of which was sweet to her, and over the perusal of which she lingered for some little time after the servants would have been glad to get her out of the dining-room. Arthur wrote in high jubilation. He was full of work, full of hope, and as full of gratitude to Providence as it is, perhaps, only natural and right to be in times of prosperity. Those who believe that Providence intervenes in mundane affairs should, however, always be prepared for rude and apparently purposeless shocks; and that is just what nobody ever is prepared for. Ida, at all events, when she was informed that Mr. Chaine was in the drawing-room and wished to speak to her, had not the faintest foreboding of what that announcement portended. She lost no time in joining Wilfrid, whom she found standing by the window, with his hands behind his back, and to whom she offered some half-ironical congratulations.

"I have heard your news already," she said. "I hope you are satisfied, and I suppose you ought to be; though the figures seem to show that there are still a considerable number of Radicals left in the division."

"Quite satisfied, thank you," answered Wilfrid; "a man who can't be satisfied with having converted a minority of over five hundred into a majority of nearly three hundred must be hard to please. My friends are kind enough to say that I have done good service to the cause, and

I am sure I may venture to reckon you among my friends."

"Oh! of course. Your conduct to me and mine has always been so friendly; and your coming here with such promptitude to tell me of your success is only one more unneeded proof of it."

Wilfrid responded by a little bow and a little smile.

"I have certainly always wished to be friendly to you and yours," he answered. "I cannot flatter myself that there would be anything friendly in my coming here to tell you that I have won the election, and, as a matter of fact, that is not my errand. I have much more welcome intelligence to impart to you—so welcome, indeed, that I can scarcely venture to blurt it out without preparing your mind for it. Great joys and great griefs are like cold shower-baths; it isn't everybody whose heart is sound enough to resist the shock of them."

"My heart is perfectly sound, I believe," said Ida, feeling sure that he had some disagreeable news to give, but having no inkling of its nature.

"And perfectly true, I have no doubt. If there is one thing of which I am more thoroughly convinced than another, it is that you have never for a moment wavered in your allegiance to our poor, dear John. Your acrimony against me (which, I assure you, I did not in the least resent) when you fancied that I had urged him to leave the country after his unhappy onslaught upon Leonard Fraser, was a very distinct proof of that. I well understood and sympathized with your indignation, misplaced though it was. You felt that he had been excupated too late, that there was very little practical use in establishing his innocence while he was moldering in his grave, and you would have given—well, I dare say you would have given ten years of your own life to resuscitate him and take your place by his side once more as the honorable wife of an honorable and sadly-calumniated man. Now, suppose—of course I am only putting a hypothetical case—but just try to suppose that the circumstantial account which we received of my poor brother's



ath out in America was a fiction from beginning to end; suppose that he was alive and well, and that he was at this very moment waiting impatiently outside your gate, yet afraid to enter, lest the sudden, overwhelming happiness of beholding him again in the flesh should be too much for you: can you manage to suppose that?"

She could indeed; and the bare supposition sufficed to withdraw every particle of blood from her cheeks. She half rose from her chair and then fell back.

"Is this true?" she asked, hoarsely, and could not force any further words through her dry lips.

"Yes, my dear Ida, it is quite true," Wilfrid replied, with a gentle and affectionate intonation. "I am afraid I have broken the glad tidings rather clumsily; but it is almost impossible to perform such a task by degrees. Your dear husband did not dare to announce himself without any warning; he insisted upon it that I should see you first and endeavor to prepare you for what must appear to you like a miracle, and, as you may well imagine, I could refuse him nothing. I must leave him to tell you his own story; I won't intrude any longer upon either of you; I will only beg you to believe that this most astonishing event rejoices my heart scarcely less than it does yours. Now I will go and tell John that he may come in."

Against her will Ida laid a detaining hand upon his coat-sleeve.

"Stop—stop!" she gasped; "I am not ready—I can't see him yet! You have told me nothing; I don't understand—how is it possible that he can be still alive?"

Wilfrid was not tender-hearted and he owed his sister-in-law a grudge; yet the agony expressed in her face was so intense that even he was to some extent moved to compassion by it; hence he favored her with a condensed report of John's narrative: after which he declared that in all conscience he could not keep the poor fellow waiting outside any longer, and so decamped.

An interval of about five minutes

elapsed, during which Ida listened stupidly to the ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece and the creaking of the boughs outside, as a brisk wind swept through them from the north. She felt stunned and paralyzed, she could not regain the use of her faculties; she could only realize that a most terrible and tragic thing had happened and she must not, if by any means she could help it, betray her misery. But how could she help it?—what could she do? It was not even possible to rush up-stairs and lock herself into the bed-room, though she was dimly aware that in some such desperate measure lay her sole chance of concealing the melancholy truth that her husband's return to life was the heaviest affliction which could have fallen upon her.

At length the door was slowly and timidly opened; John stepped in, closing it behind him, and stood gazing at her in a queer, wistful way, but advanced no farther. The sight of him gave her a shock of a totally different kind from that which she had anticipated. Was this really John?—this weather-beaten, stooping, weary-looking man, whose face was so drawn and wrinkled and whose hair was so fast turning gray! What must he not have suffered to have aged by twenty years in that brief space of time! His voice, too, when he began to speak, seemed to have strangely altered, to have become low and uncertain, like the voice of an old man. She scarcely heard what he said—something feebly and pathetically jocular about his having come back like a bad shilling—but, while she gazed at him, all of a sudden there came over her a great wave of pity, sweeping away for the moment every other emotion, and she moved swiftly toward him with hands outstretched, exclaiming, "Oh! poor fellow!"

Well was it for both of them that his woebegone aspect had chanced to touch her heart; for she was no hypocrite, and, had he presented himself in any other guise, he must have perceived that he had made a deplorable mistake by emerging from the solitudes of Western

America. As it was, he was too deeply moved by her kindness to ask himself whether there was anything akin to love in that manifestation, or to remember the blank stare with which she had greeted his entrance. It was a very broken and incoherent account that he had to give of himself and his adventures, and only by degrees was she able to arrive at any comprehension of the state of mind in which he had quitted his native land and left everybody to believe that he must have been guilty of a crime which he could not really have committed. But the more he said about it, the more she became convinced that Wilfrid, and Wilfrid alone, had been responsible for that fatal error.

"The wretch!" she ejaculated, indignantly; "it was he who deserved hanging, not you. Nothing will ever persuade me that he didn't know the truth all along, and that he didn't deliberately misrepresent what happened, so as to get you out of the way and rob you of your inheritance. And the worst of it is that he has been completely successful!"

John shook his head and smiled.

"No, my dear," said he, "Wilfrid didn't know. How could he when I didn't know myself?"

"Ah! but you were—"

"I was drunk, whereas he was sober. Yes, that is so; but he couldn't have seen much more than that there was a scrimmage, and when he found the man lying dead, how could he guess that somebody else had killed him? That was a most unlikely thing to have occurred, and that is just what has made me believe all this time that I must have been a murderer. Of course I didn't hear that poor Fraser had been choked to death; but even if I had heard, I couldn't have felt absolutely certain that I didn't throttle him. Ah! if you knew what a weight has been lifted off my mind, you wouldn't think that the loss of the estate was much of a misfortune in comparison! When all's said and done, it is better that Wilfrid should be squire than that I should; my father always felt that, and so did my mother. I'm

quite contented that things should be as they are—that is, if *you* are contented."

She did her best to answer as he wished to be answered. She was so very sorry for him and so impressed by his quiet, unselfish resignation that it was less hard to her than she could have supposed possible to say what a fond wife might have been expected to say at such a time. Yet there remained a great deal which could not be said—which she could never dare to say. She became painfully conscious of that when her husband began to speak of Leonard Fraser and to crave her pardon for the base suspicions that he had allowed himself to entertain about her and the violinist in days gone by. Poor John was very humble, very gentle, and very remorseful; but it did not seem to have occurred to him that he had done his wife an infinitely greater wrong by giving her to understand that he was dead than by anything else that he had done or left undone. He asked to be forgiven the causeless fits of jealousy which she had almost forgotten; he did not apologize for the more heinous offense of being still alive, nor, apparently, did he remember that human and Divine law permits widows to form fresh ties.

Later in the day, Hubert having galloped over from St. Albyn's to give his lost-and-found brother an uproarious welcome, she was able to escape to her own room and compose a letter which it was not less difficult than necessary to write. After many attempts and after shedding many tears, she managed to get it written, because what must be done always is done; but the process was a cruel one, and to tell the truth, it deprived her of all tenderness of feeling for her husband. Although she was very sorry for him, she was, and could not help being much more sorry for herself. She would, of course, do her duty; only it could never be in her power to grow reconciled to that duty, or to find any shadow of happiness in the performance of it.

"We must never meet again," she wrote to Arthur. "I am sure you will understand that, and that, if you come

down to St. Albyn's, as I suppose you must from time to time, you will try to spare me a trial which I could not bear."

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## WILFRID ATTENDS A TEA-PARTY.

It is a simple achievement and one of almost, if not quite, daily occurrence to deceive one's self and others; yet there are a few points as regards which deception may be said to be virtually impossible, and Ida made a dead failure of her conscientious efforts to persuade her husband that their re-union was a source of joy to her. She knew it, though he uttered no word of complaint, and though he was evidently trying as hard as she was to make believe.

The newspapers, of course, had a good deal to say about the resurrection of the supposed criminal, and some of the comments thereupon which appeared in print were of a nature to make an innocent man's blood boil; but they did not seem to produce that effect upon John, who only shrugged his shoulders and said that the thing was bound to be a nine days' wonder.

It is no great honor to be asked to tea at St. Albyn's, that being a form of civility which is, as a rule, reserved for those who are not quite good enough to be asked to dinner; but, on the other hand, you can cram seventy or eighty people into your rooms at a tea-party, whereas you can hardly assemble more than sixteen, at the outside, round your dinner-table, and it is not impossible that Mrs. Pickersgill, who knew what she was about, desired to make her gracious recognition of the returned prodigal as public as might be. When all was said, the Chaines were a county family, and Mrs. John Chaine was the daughter of the Dean.

Mrs. John Chaine, however, omitted to take advantage of the hospitality proffered to her. When she received a printed intimation that Mrs. Pickersgill would be at home on a certain afternoon from 4.30 to 7 o'clock, she showed the card to her husband, who said promptly and emphatically that he didn't want to

go unless she did, and as the favor of a reply was not requested, it came to pass that an interesting pair neither answered Mrs. Pickersgill's invitation nor availed themselves of it. This was rather disappointing both to the expectant hostess and to her expectant guests, and the presence of Wilfrid Chaine, who arrived early, and who, as be seemed a newly-elected member of Parliament, took great pains to make himself agreeable to everybody, scarcely sufficed to console them.

Nevertheless, Wilfrid was rewarded by many kind words and looks. He had at least, it was felt, done all that any man could do for an erring or eccentric brother; and if, in his anxiety to exculpate the erring or eccentric one, he had resorted to courses which might be open to exception from the point of view of strict morality, that could not be called an unpardonable offense.

For the rest, although he appreciated the importance of conciliating the old ladies, he was, for the time being, more desirous of ingratiating himself with the young ones—or at least with one of the young ones, who made her appearance rather late and to whom he hastened to offer a cup of tea.

"Thank you," answered Violet, looking over his head; "I don't mind tea if there's nothing better to be had. Do you think you could find out whether it has run to chocolate? It often does on these specially festive occasions. Or if they absolutely refuse to give you chocolate, perhaps you might appeal to their better feelings to produce a cup of coffee. There *must* be coffee in the house."

Wilfrid, as in duty bound, departed upon this quest, which gave her the opportunity that she had wanted of making a barely perceptible signal to his younger brother.

Hubert was by her side in a moment.

"I was wondering whether I might venture to speak to you," he said, joyfully. "I'm on duty this afternoon, worse luck, and I shall have to be off presently; but I thought I would just look in here for a minute upon a chance. You've seen poor old John, I suppose?"

Violet made a grimace.

"Yes," she answered, "I have; and at the risk of shocking you beyond all measure I confess that I wish I hadn't. I wish he weren't in a state to be seen! I wish he were as dead as he pretended to be! Now you are horrified, and I'm sure you don't in the least understand what I can be driving at. Men may be superior to women in some ways, and I have never denied that they are; but their utter blindness and stupidity would be scorned by any school-girl of fifteen. Well, we won't talk about your eldest brother; there isn't time, and if you think his having popped up out of his grave in this extraordinary manner is a thing to jump about and clap your hands over, you had better jump about and clap your hands until you grow old enough to see an inch before your nose. What I want to say is something that you *can* understand. I want to tell you that you mustn't be indignant, or begin imagining all sorts of things that aren't true, if I avoid speaking to you in public after this. Somebody has been talking to my mother about our riding home from hunting together, and she has worked herself up into a state of mind. In fact, the reason why she isn't here now is that she has had to lie down with a bad headache in consequence of my undutiful behavior. Now, you know, she might quite reasonably order me to cut you outright, and I might have to do it. I believe I really *ought* to do it, without being ordered; but perhaps it may not be necessary to take such an extreme step if only you will be a little careful. Do you see?"

"Yes, of course I do," answered Hubert, "and I'll go away at once. But—"

"I assure you there isn't any 'but' just at present; I only wanted to caution you against taking offense at anything you may see me do or hear of my having done. You must try to believe that I am not fickle, whatever else I may be. Now go away, please; I would rather you weren't with me when your brother Wilfrid comes back. I have sent him off in search of some refreshments which

don't exist, and he will be here presently to announce his failure."

"Here is your coffee," said Wilfrid, making his way back to her side at length; "chocolate, I regret to tell you, was not to be had for love or money."

"Coffee will do very well, thank you," answered Violet, with a gracious smile. "I am sorry you should have had so much trouble."

She had come to the conclusion that it would be wise, under the circumstances, to propitiate Wilfrid, and she promised herself that she would at some future time make up for present prudence and complaisance by letting him hear a few incisive home truths. Her plan was to keep him in good humor by allowing him to prosecute his suit, while taking good care to hold him at a respectful distance; and this plan might have worked well enough, had he been disposed to lend himself to it. Such, however, was by no means his intention. After he had stood talking to her for a quarter of an hour or so, and after she had done violence to her inclinations by responding amiably to his remarks upon the subject of fox-hunting, which he had introduced as being the one most likely to interest her, she wished him good evening, saying that it was time for her to go.

"Are you walking home alone?" he asked. "Won't you let me see you as far as your door? It is pitch dark outside, you know."

Violet declared that she was quite accustomed to being out in the dark, and that she really did not require an escort to protect her against the few respectable citizens whom she would probably meet between the Precincts and her own abode; but as he insisted, she gave way, with a slight jerk of her shoulders. The point was hardly worth disputing about.

Yet no sooner were she and Wilfrid walking, side by side, through the semi-darkness of the echoing cloisters than she wished with all her heart that she had thought of requesting one of the old ladies to accompany them and protect her against her protector. For she perceived, to her consternation, that Wilfrid's voice and



manner had undergone a sudden change, and that, unless he could be stopped, a crisis must inevitably be precipitated. The question was how to stop him—he was advancing at such an alarming pace! Already he had told her how lonely his life was in his great, empty house; already he had alluded to the varied and agreeable existence led by the families of members of Parliament—half the year spent amidst the gayeties of London society and half devoted to the enjoyment of field-sports—now he was confiding to her that his parents had always urged him to marry, but that he had been unable to oblige them, because he had never until recently met any woman of whom he could truly and conscientiously say that he loved her. One step more and he would be over the brink!

"Oh! you don't like solitary grandeur?" broke in Violet, desperately. "Then why don't you give up Chaine Court to your elder brother? It *ought* to be his, I suppose?" And she thought to herself, "Heaven grant that that bucket of cold water may chill him for another hundred yards or so! Once we are in the High Street it will be all right! no man with any sense of self-respect would make an offer of marriage in the High Street of a populous town."

Wilfrid certainly was a little chilled. He had to point out that such a sacrifice as Miss Stanton suggested would be almost, if not quite, immoral; that he had a sincere affection for John, and had, he believed, given proofs of it; but that he could not, even if he wished to do so, assume the responsibility of setting his father's will at naught—and a good deal more to the like effect. Violet demurred; wanted to know whether it would be moral to uphold a will which had been executed under the influence of false impressions, and gradually managed to provoke Wilfrid so far that he exclaimed, with a sneer—

"These, I presume, are Ida's sentiments. Really, she is rather hard to please! One would think that she felt the need of some substantial consolation for her husband's return, instead of re-

garding that as an unmixed and unexpected blessing."

"This is capital!" thought Violet, as she and her companion turned the corner of the narrow alley which led into the High Street and reached the cheerful glare of the shop windows; "all I have to do now is to keep the ball rolling."

Mrs. Stanton, however, did not live in the High Street, and there were certain unfrequented byways to be traversed before she could hope to shake off her suitor. Wilfrid had doubtless remembered that fact; for he took advantage of the first moment of solitude and obscurity to dismiss the subject which had afforded them matter for argument so far.

"Well, we won't quarrel over it," said he, laughing. "I won't even quarrel with Ida, though I must say that she never loses an opportunity of trying to quarrel with me. It wasn't about her or about John, either, that I wanted to speak to you. Miss Stanton—"

"I am going to run," interrupted Violet, suddenly. "I always do run when I'm cold, and I shall be home in two seconds. Of course, I don't expect you to run with me, though. Good-night; many thanks for having come so far."

And before he could make any answer she was off, like a hare.

For one moment he thought of pursuing her; but he felt that that would be a little too ridiculous. Who could gasp out a proposal at a slinging trot? So he turned on his heel, with a smile, understanding that she had intended to baffle him, but not considering that as in any degree an unfavorable omen. Has it not from time immemorial been the habit of women to run away when they wish to be caught?

## CHAPTER XL.

### HUBERT IS DISQUIETED.

HUBERT found John in his gun-room one morning, examining the locks of some weapons which he had apparently been employed in cleaning, and he held out his hand, with a pleased look, saying in that new, subdued voice of his:

"Well, my boy, how are you? Would you care to come out with me and knock over a few partridges? I've got Wilfrid's leave. He hasn't begun to shoot the coverts yet; but I daresay we may put up a hedgerow pheasant."

"I haven't brought my gun," answered the younger brother; "I came over because I thought I should rather like to have a chat with you."

"Oh! I'll give you a gun," John said, "and we can talk just as well out-of-doors as in—rather better, perhaps. I was only going out shooting because I wanted an excuse for a walk. You see," he added, rather pathetically, "I must find some excuse for getting out of the way, and it isn't always easy, now that I've no regular occupation. A man oughtn't to hang about the house all day long; the women don't like it, you know."

"Don't they?" said Hubert.

He was upon the point of adding that he was sure Ida could not be tired of her husband's society yet; but, as he was not really quite sure of that, and as the memory of Violet's remarks at Mrs. Pickersgill's tea-party recurred inopportunely to him, he checked himself. Then, perceiving that John's eyes were fixed upon him, with a quiet and faintly amused curiosity as to what he was going to say next, he jumped up hastily and decided to leave well alone.

"Come on! we sha'n't have much light to shoot by if we don't look sharp," was the observation which suggested itself to him as being the safest and most appropriate under the circumstances.

So presently the two set forth, accompanied by John's old Gordon setter, and between them they bagged three brace and a half of partridges in the first field—which was pretty well. That measure of success, however, seemed sufficient to satisfy the ardor of one of the sportsmen; for when they reached a stile, Hubert, instead of crossing it, seated himself on the top rail and said:

"Look here, John; let's take it easy for a bit, shall we? I want to tell you about all the trouble I've been getting into since you went away."

He accordingly embarked upon a circumstantial history of his love affair, while John, to whom this was not precisely news, the facts having already been communicated to him by Ida, listened patiently and sympathizingly and refrained from interrupting the narrator. When Hubert paused and it seemed incumbent upon him to say something, he could find no more comforting comment to make than—

"Well, old chap, I'm sorry for you, and I wish I could do anything to help you both; but as you know, I haven't a penny to call my own. And I'm afraid things don't look particularly promising for you."

"Oh! I shall make money enough to marry upon," returned the other, with easy confidence; "I shall get a staff appointment or something. It isn't that; but—you see, there's no actual engagement, because she won't consent to an engagement so long as her mother objects, and—" He did not finish his sentence, but, after a momentary break, added abruptly, "I say, John, what do you think of Wilfrid?"

John raised his faded eyes, with a half-wondering, half-apprehensive look.

"What do I think of him?" he repeated, slowly,

"I mean, do you think he is a double-faced fellow—the sort of fellow to serve one a dirty turn behind one's back?"

John lowered his eyes and drew his fingers through his grizzled beard. At length he answered by a counter-question.

"Why do you ask?"

Hubert explained in as few words as possible. He admitted that Wilfrid had a perfect right to pay his addresses to Miss Stanton.

"But I don't think he ought to do it without saying anything to me; I don't think it would be quite straight or fair, you know. Of course I hope the story isn't true. Not that I have the slightest fear of her accepting him; only if he has serious intentions, the situation would be awkward both for him and for me, don't you see?"

"I doubt whether he would feel it

so," answered John, slowly. "And I don't know why you should."

"What! not awkward to have my own brother as a rival?"

"Perhaps experience has hardened me to that sensation," remarked John, with a rather bitter smile. "You, at all events, have nothing to reproach yourself with, since you have told him all about it; and if you are sure that she will refuse him, what does it signify, after all?"

Hubert remained silent. He was not satisfied; yet he hardly knew in what terms he could render his dissatisfaction intelligible.

"You haven't answered my question yet," he observed at last.

"Your question about Wilfrid's straightforwardness, you mean? No, I haven't answered it; and, if you'll excuse me, my dear fellow, I'd rather not. There's no good in answering such questions. I daresay Wilfrid isn't quite such a simple, honest chap as you are—I've known him act in a way that didn't seem to me perfectly open and above-board—but what then? We must take people as we find them, and I expect most people aren't half as bad as we are inclined to suppose when they happen to rub us the wrong way."

"You know," continued Hubert, feeling a little ashamed of himself for saying this, "Ida always maintained that Wilfrid was to blame for your having left the country as you did, instead of standing your ground and proving your innocence—which I firmly believe you could have done."

"I think," answered John, with a sigh, "Ida is not convinced that I alone was to blame for that unlucky piece of cowardice. Wilfrid naturally wished to save my neck; it was impossible for him to swear that I hadn't killed the man."

The subject was evidently painful and distasteful to him; nor could he be persuaded to say anything more about it, though Hubert strongly suspected that he might have said a good deal more, had he been so minded.

Instead of doing that, he delivered himself of a kindly homily, in which Hubert was exhorted to keep a good heart, to trust the girl whom he loved, and, above all, never to let his thoughts be poisoned by jealousy and suspicion.

"Which are just as certain to bring their own punishment as drunkenness or any other vice," poor John said, sorrowfully.

And thus the conversation ended.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### WINTER AND DISCONTENT.

THE year was drawing toward its close, when one afternoon Violet set forth on foot to inquire how the world was going with one she had reason to believe it was not treating too well.

"Better late than never," was Ida's greeting; "I thought you had forgotten your way here."

"No," answered the girl, "I haven't forgotten it; but in this atrocious weather one hardly dares to ride, and Wicks has sold his pony, so that I can't go about on wheels at present. I came over upon my ten toes this afternoon, and half a dozen times I was within an ace of taking ten pounds off my value by slipping up and breaking my knees. Did you ever in your life know such weather?"

The weather had, at all events, the merit of providing them with a subject for conversation, and they dwelt upon it at greater length than they would have done in happier times. Indeed, the two ladies conversed much as though there had been a third person present until the fading light warned Violet that it was high time for her to take her leave.

"Are you really going to walk all that way back in the dark by yourself?" Ida inquired.

Violet was not afraid of the dark; but there were other perils from which she was extremely anxious to be shielded; so, rather to the surprise of her questioner, she answered:

"Well, I was wondering whether there was anybody about the premises who would be good enough to see me as far

as the gas-lamps. "I suppose Mr. Chaine isn't at home, is he?"

"I believe he is," said Ida, wonderingly, "and I can send for him, if you like. But, wouldn't you rather have one of the servants? Won't he bore you dreadfully?"

"Oh! no; it is I who shall bore him. Still, if he doesn't care about a cold, dismal walk, I daresay he will have presence of mind enough to decline."

But John, when summoned, declared that he was only too glad of an excuse to stretch his legs; so presently Miss Stanton and he left the house together, the former thinking to herself, "That's all right! If Chaine M.P. is lurking about anywhere in the neighborhood, he may join us and welcome. This valuable old creature won't fall back to the rear, as a servant would have done."

The valuable old creature was not without some inkling of the value of his companionship and of the cause which might have led to its solicitation; he was only uncertain whether it was Wilfrid or Hubert whom Miss Stanton dreaded meeting. His acquaintance with her was of the slightest; but he was pleased by her frank, easy manner, and so (the darkness helping to lend him audacity), he took upon himself to say, after a time: "Hubert has been telling me about his sorrows. I hope it isn't an impertinence to confess that I am on Hubert's side."

"On his side?" echoed Violet—for she was not a little taken aback, and said the first thing that came into her mind—"But is there anybody on the other side?"

"Well, you know more about that than I do; but I thought that your mother, for one, was on the other side."

"Oh! my mother, of course, how could she help it? Every mother must be against an engagement which has no prospect of ending in a marriage. She would like me to engage myself to somebody who has enough money to support a wife; and she is quite right, you know."

"No, Miss Stanton; I don't know that. Shall I tell you what I do know? It might be of some service to you per-

haps if I did. I know that nothing in married life can possibly make up for the absence of mutual love. That's funny sort of sentiment to come from an old fellow like me, isn't it? But then, as I think you must be aware, I don't speak without experience of my subject. I loved my wife and I love her still; but we have never been happy together, and we never could have been. I have nothing to reproach her with; she didn't pretend to care for me; she married me, I daresay, for the same reason that may be making you thing of marrying somebody else; she was miserable with me; when she thought I was dead she probably began to hope that better times might be in store for her; then it turned out that I was still alive, and she naturally became tenfold more miserable than she had been before. If I were you, Miss Stanton, I wouldn't deliberately make myself as miserable as she is."

He spoke so quietly and with so little apparent thought of his own hard case that Violet felt it would be almost insulting to express any compassion for him. She thanked him and promised to remember what he had said. "Only," she added, "the fact remains that it is impossible to set up house upon an income of nothing a year."

John had a good deal to urge in reply. He acknowledged that Hubert was at present badly off—too badly off, perhaps, to contemplate immediate matrimony. But in a year or so his circumstances might have improved; and indeed, so far as that went, he had already an income of his own, beyond his pay, though it was a small one. Suppose, for instance, he were to exchange to India, which would give him an increase of pay? Many officers did that sort of thing with a view to marrying; and although it might not be pleasant to go to India, or to practice small daily economies, she might take his word for it that what would be a thousand times more unpleasant would be to remain in England, bound to a man whom she did not love and who, at the best, would never be able to give her anything more than creature comforts as her share of a bad bargain.



Violet allowed him to talk on, and not until he had escorted her as far as her own door did she make so bold as to say:

"Now, Mr. Chaine, you have given me a lot of good advice, and the least I can do is to give you a piece of good advice in return. Don't you take things too much to heart: it's a mistake."

"I don't quite understand," said John.

"No; it's a great mistake to do that. You won't succeed any better by throwing yourself under her feet and letting her trample upon you than by cracking a whip over her. I suppose it wouldn't be any use to suggest that you should get up a mild flirtation with somebody; but if you'll just let her see—at all events, let her think—that you really don't care, she will come round after a time. She *must*, because the simple truth is that you are much too good to be trampled upon. Good-night."

Violet was perhaps justified in describing this as good advice; and indeed the advice of one woman as to the treatment of another generally is good, the only drawback thereto being that those who receive it are seldom capable of profiting by it. At any rate, John Chaine's limited powers of dissimulation were not equal to the suggested effort; nor, even if they had been, would he have deemed it worth while to exert them. The time-honored stratagem of pretending indifference might be well enough adapted for the use of young lovers; but that any assistance could be derived from it in such a case as his he really could not believe. So, not withstanding the sincere gratitude that he felt to Violet for taking an interest in him and his troubles, he continued to abase himself at his wife's feet, as before—which was doubtless one reason why she continued to trample upon him.

Her conscience, it is true, reproached her for the irritated or ironical accents in which she too often addressed him; but she could not go the length of admitting that he did not deserve to be so addressed. A man, she thought, may be almost anything that he pleases, except contempt-

ible: no man has a right to be contemptible. It was upon this somewhat insufficient plea that she was endeavoring to justify herself as she left the house after breakfast, one dull, wintry morning carrying a basket, of which the contents were intended for distribution amongst the sick and suffering.

Her way led her along the lane in which she had once come across Arthur, and of course she could not help thinking of that day and contrasting it with the mournful present. Since then the hedgerows had been stripped bare, the wild flowers had vanished, the joyous beauty of early summer was as dead as her own hopes—as dead, very likely, as Arthur's love for her was, or soon would be. As she drew near the exact spot where their meeting had taken place her eyes became blind with tears; yet not so blind but that they served to show her a figure at the sight of which her heart suddenly stood still. She, too, stood still; but she had neither the presence of mind nor the strength to turn and fly, for Arthur was already advancing toward her—yes, Arthur himself, though his face was so pale and worn that she might well have failed to recognize him.

"Oh! why have you done this?" she exclaimed. "You promised me that you wouldn't."

"I didn't do it on purpose," he answered, without taking off his hat or holding out his hand. "I wanted to see this place again; I didn't suppose that you would be out in such weather. God knows I had no wish to disobey you or—"

"Or to add to my unhappiness? Let me pass, then; that is all you can do for me."

He stood aside at once, and she made as though she would go her way; but there are forms of self-denial which are almost too great to be required of poor human nature, and perhaps she did not walk quite as fast as she might have done.

"Ida," he said, in a stifled voice, "will you tell me just one thing? Are you very unhappy?"

She paused and looked at him.

"As unhappy as it is possible to be,"

she replied. "Did you, by any chance, think that I was enjoying myself?"

"No," he groaned; "I wish I could think so! That would be better than facing the truth, as I must whenever I allow my mind to dwell upon it."

"Then, don't allow your mind to dwell upon it," she returned, brusquely.

"Don't speak to me like that!" he exclaimed, hotly. "What sin have I committed? How could I tell? How could I possibly guess that this infernal torture was to be inflicted upon us?"

His anger and his evident pain soothed her own quivering nerves.

"We ought not to speak to each other at all," she said, in a gentler tone; "we can't speak without saying things which it would be better to leave unsaid. It would be absurd to pretend that I am not unhappy; but I shall grow resigned in time—everybody does grow resigned to everything—and so will you. Remember *I wish* you to try and forget me."

She turned away; but he caught her up and exclaimed, impetuously, "Ida, *must* you live with him?"

"Yes," she answered: "I have treated him badly, and I am treating him badly still; but he is kind to me, and I am his wife. No; there can be no escape for me—no escape except death. For mercy's sake, don't let me see you again. Good-bye."

He said something, the sense of which she hardly caught at the time, though she tried to put the broken words together afterward—something about his unalterable love and the sorrow that it was to him to have brought sorrow upon her. After all, it did not signify much what he said. Her one thought, as she hastened away through the falling snow, was that she had done well to leave him.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### WILFRID'S HOSPITALITY.

A HAPPY inspiration came to Wilfrid one day, when he was wondering, with half-amused, half-vexed bewilderment, how much longer he would be expected to struggle against the difficulties with which women delight to tantalize their

woosers. Why should he not ask his mother to come down and spend Christmas with him? It would be quite the right and proper thing to do; it would please the old lady; it would enable him to show some quiet hospitality to his neighbors; above all, it would compel Miss Stanton to gladden Chainé Court once more with the sunshine of her presence. For the girl could not decently omit to pay her respects to one from whom she had been the recipient of so many kindnesses in days gone by.

"What a fool I was not to think of it before!" muttered Wilfrid, as he sat down to compose a filial and affectionate letter of invitation.

On other grounds than those which he had in his mind at the time, he had, perhaps, been a little remiss, and Lady Elizabeth, who was looking forward to spending a solitary Christmas in London, jumped for joy when Wilfrid's letter was delivered to her, and hastened to respond thereto in person. By return of post, so to speak, she arrived at Chainé Court, where a warm welcome, a newly and artistically-furnished bedroom, and a staff of well-trained servants awaited her.

"You have really managed to make yourself very comfortable," she said, appreciatively to her son, after they had come to the end of their *tête-à-tête* dinner, "and your cook seems to understand her business. I am glad you are in Parliament, too; it is always best to be in Parliament, I think, even though the House of Commons isn't what it used to be. There is only one thing that you want now."

"Oh! of course," answered Wilfrid, laughing. "Well, between ourselves, I may tell you that the absence of that essential isn't owing to any lack of labor on my part. But what is to be done with a young woman who is nowhere to be found when one searches for her? One can't ask her to one's house, you see, if one has the misfortune to be an unprotected male."

"There is a young woman, then?" cried Lady Elizabeth, excitedly. "Who is she? Where is she? Why can't she be found?"

"I suppose she isn't to be found because she doesn't choose to be," replied Wilfrid, smiling. "To the best of my belief she is at this moment in St. Albyn's."

"What, Violet Stanton? I had given up all hope of her—or rather all hope of you. Well, I am very glad, very glad, indeed, for she is a nice girl, besides being pretty. No money, to be sure, but you can afford to waive that point. So you haven't asked her yet?"

"She won't give me the chance."

"Oh! she shall give you the chance. I'll have her up here at once and talk to her. Probably she thinks it only fair that you should be punished for having kept her waiting so long, but you needn't be afraid that she will be such a goose as to refuse you."

He was not very much afraid of that, but Lady Elizabeth herself was made aware that she had been somewhat over-sanguine when, on the following morning, Ida trudged up to see her through the snow, beneath which the whole countryside was now shrouded. Ida, to whom the projected scheme was speedily revealed, perceived that it was time to speak out. She could not, of course, say anything in disparagement of Wilfrid, but it seemed advisable to reveal the true state of affairs as regarded Hubert, and this she did, concluding with an appeal to Lady Elizabeth's kindness of heart.

"It may not be what you like," she observed, "but there it is, and it can't be helped. I'm sure you won't try to put pressure upon the poor girl, she has more than enough of that to submit to from her mother, I am afraid."

"Which shows that her mother is no fool," returned the old lady, testily. "All this is the most preposterous nonsense that ever was, and I should like to box Hubert's ears for him! I remember that he got up a sort of flirtation with Violet when she was staying with the Hartlepoons; I believe I told him at the time that he was a silly boy and that she would never look at him."

"Well, she has looked at him now—and to some purpose," Ida remarked.

"By your own account she hasn't ac-

cepted him. For Violet's own sake I shall try to drive this rubbish out of her head and induce her to marry Wilfrid."

"I don't think you will succeed," said Ida, "and I'm sure you won't deserve to succeed."

The two ladies parted rather more coldly than they had met; and the younger said to herself disdainfully, as she plodded homewards, that there is a curious affinity between pious pretensions and a keen eye to the main chance.

As for the elder, she was virtuously conscious that her sole desire was to do the best she could for those near and dear to her; and to one of these she said decisively at luncheon:

"You must write a line to Mrs. Stanton and ask her and her daughter to come to dinner. Ida and John and Hubert had better be invited to meet them, and you might throw in the Dean to round the circle. In that way one will be able to see how the land lies, and to take one's measures accordingly."

She did not think it worth while to mention Hubert's ridiculous ambitions, since Wilfrid made no allusion to them; but she promised herself that "the boy," as she still called him, should have a sharp scolding from her on the first opportunity.

It is not impossible that Hubert may have had some inkling of what was in store for him; for he wrote to say that, owing to stress of duty, he must deny himself the pleasure of embracing his mother until the evening on which he had been asked to dine. But when that evening came he duly made his appearance, as did the other invited guests, and to him, as to them, the master of the house showed every civility and attention. That he should be something more than civil and attentive to Miss Stanton was only what might have been, and was expected on all hands. As in duty bound, he took Mrs. Stanton in to dinner, but Violet was placed on his left hand, and it was Violet who was favored with the lion's share of his conversation. John, her legitimate partner, had very

little to say to her, though he listened to her while she talked, and was rather troubled in mind by her vivacity. Was it, after all, quite fair either to her or to Hubert, he wondered, to let her take her chance of succumbing to the attractions of so dangerously fascinating a fellow as Wilfrid? By John's way of thinking, Wilfrid was both fascinating and dangerous, and his youngest brother, gazing anxiously across from the other side of the table, was more than half inclined to agree with him.

Upon the whole, nobody, except perhaps Wilfrid himself and the Dean of St. Albyn's, enjoyed that very well-cooked and well-served little dinner; the remainder of the company were oppressed by a more or less vague presentiment of impending trouble, and were eager to hear what was coming next, so that they might decide upon their several courses of action in accordance therewith.

Hubert was the first to be relieved from suspense; for no sooner had he joined the ladies in the drawing-room, together with the other three men, none of whom had cared to sit long over their wine, than he was beckoned to a corner by his mother, who at once set to work to upbraid him.

"What is all this that I hear about you and Violet?" the old lady began. "It is really too bad of you to bring about complications which nothing can justify, and which can have no possible result, except to cause annoyance and disappointment to your betters. I am very angry both with you and with Violet; but especially with you; because one does expect a full-grown man to have some slight sense of responsibility.

"Sorry you're angry," answered Hubert, laying back his ears; "but I can't say I'm ashamed of anything that I've done. Just as a matter of curiosity, I should rather like to know who my annoyed and disappointed betters are."

"I am one and Wilfrid is another. You silly boy! didn't I tell you long ago that there was a prospect of a match being arranged between Wilfrid and the girl to whom it seems that you have been

impertinent enough to propose? Well, that match is going to take place now—at least, I have every reason to hope so—and I am sure you must see the propriety of withdrawing and looking pleasant. To put it as mildly as one can, it is rather bad taste to offer your heart and hand to any woman when your hand is as empty as—as your head."

"I'm not so sure about that," returned Hubert, doggedly. "Anyhow, whether I'm a silly boy or a full-grown man, I certainly don't see the propriety of going back from my word. Violet isn't in any way bound to me, but I am bound to her, and I shall consider myself so until she marries another man. As for bad taste, it seems to me that if anybody is to be accused of that, it ought to be Wilfrid, because he knows how matters stand between her and me, and he might have had the honesty to tell me that he meant to cut me out if he could."

Lady Elizabeth dissented wholly and entirely from that view, and stated her personal opinion as to the rights of seniority with much force and eloquence, but she was unable to convince the recalcitrant Hubert, who ended by jumping up and walking off to the other end of the room, where Ida, sitting apart, was listlessly turning over the leaves of an illustrated magazine.

Then the old lady thought she would try her hand upon Violet, and did not scruple, in so good a cause, to signal her away from Wilfrid, who at that moment was vainly endeavoring to entice her into the adjoining conservatory. The girl responded to her summons with suspicious alacrity, indeed, the truth was that for some time past Violet had been doing her very best to catch Lady Elizabeth's eye. She was sharp enough to guess what Lady Elizabeth wanted to say to her, and she thought it extremely probable that she was about to have a disagreeable quarter of an hour; still nothing could be half so disagreeable as a quarter of an hour of undisturbed conversation with her host, and when one is placed between the devil and the deep sea, there is nothing for it but to take to the water and trust in Providence.



"I have a crow to pluck with you," her ladyship began. "Sit down here and give an account of yourself. What do you mean, pray, by going in for kidnapping?"

"I wasn't aware that I had done anything of the kind," said Violet, clearing decks for action.

"Oh! you needn't glare so savagely at me, my dear; I fully admit that you have done no more than ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have done in your place. Only, naturally, I don't like my little boys to be treated as though they were responsible beings. You may say that Hubert is no longer a child, but in reality he has hardly emerged from childhood yet, and I need scarcely point out to you that, even if he had, he would not and could not be a marrying man. It would be kind and generous on your part to give him his quietus without further delay."

"I don't know what you mean by giving him his quietus, Lady Elizabeth," answered Violet, resolutely; "but I do know that I have said and done everything that it was in my power to say or do. So far as I am concerned, he is absolutely free. I certainly haven't kidnapped him or tried to kidnap him, and I can't imagine what excuse you can think you have for bringing such an accusation against me."

"Well, well," said Lady Elizabeth, "I suppose that no man, young or old, would go so far as to make an offer of marriage without having received some degree of encouragement, but we won't quarrel about that. All I want to beg of you is that you will take an opportunity of putting the poor boy out of his pain. Since you don't and can't intend to marry him, wouldn't it be rather more straightforward to tell him as much plainly?"

"I was under the impression that I had told him so," answered Violet, "but I haven't the least objection to confessing that I also told him I would never marry anybody else. Perhaps you think that I ought to marry somebody else? If so, all I can say is that I don't see my duty in that light."

The fact was that Lady Elizabeth had

been guilty of a very clumsy mistake in making use of such a term as "kidnaping." She had only done so because she had been desirous of conveying to Violet's mind the idea that Hubert was much too juvenile, as well as too poor to put himself forward in the character of a serious suitor, but she had reckoned without her young friend's pride and obstinacy.

"Of course," she went on, "I am not so silly as to assert that it is your duty to marry anybody, but, perhaps, I may be allowed to wish that you should consent to marry a man who is not only devoted to you but can offer you a little more than the bare necessities of life."

"I was sure, without your saying so," answered Violet, whose indignation was considerably greater than she cared to express, "that I had your best wishes; but after what I told you just now, you will understand that I might be idiotic enough to prefer bare necessities to luxuries. Please don't imagine though that I have the slightest wish to hang myself round the neck of an innocent child and drown him with me in the depths of indigence. If he is still under any misapprehension upon the point, I shall be delighted to remove it as soon as I can. More than that I don't see that you have any right to ask of me."

Lady Elizabeth would fain have asked a little more; but she was given no chance of so doing; for Violet, having fired her shot, immediately rose and walked across the room to Hubert, whom she drew away from Ida for a moment in order to say to him, hurriedly: "Can you meet me in the Precincts to-morrow at about half-past four? I want to speak to you rather particularly, and I can't speak with any comfort while half a dozen pairs of eyes are fixed upon me."

Hubert assented joyously, little suspecting that his appointment had been made with a view to dealing him and his aspirations a final knock on the head; and Violet said to herself, "At least, they shall not call me a kidnapper again! One comfort is that I may throw off the mask now and be as rude as I please to this self-satisfied hypocrite."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

FOL EST QUI S'Y FIE!

"I WAS beginning to be afraid that you wouldn't come," cried Hubert, as he hastened to meet Violet next day. "How glad I am!—it is such a long time since I last saw you alone!"

"Yes, it does seem rather a long time," Violet agreed; and he noticed at once that her voice had a dull, dispirited ring. "But it isn't really long. Nothing like as long as it will be before we meet in this way again. For the matter of that, I suppose we shall never meet in this way again, and we shouldn't be here together now if I had a proper sense of what I owe to myself. However, for this once I dare say it won't signify much, unless somebody sees us."

"What is the matter?" asked the young man, in dismay. "Have I done anything to offend you?"

"No, not you; but your mother has. She told me that I had *kidnapped* you! No one shall have an excuse for saying such a thing as that to me twice. And the worst of it is that it's almost true. I did refuse you; but I didn't behave as if I meant you to believe altogether in my refusal, and this is what has come of it. Well, I want you to understand now in sober earnest that—"

"Don't go on!" interrupted Hubert, imploringly. "Don't say what you were going to say! I am very sorry that my mother spoke so impertinently to you; but, after all, I don't suppose she intended to be impertinent. And, really, if you will think of it, you can afford to laugh at an accusation like that. Kidnapping, indeed!—now I appeal to you as a reasonable being: *am* I a kid?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Violet, laughing a little. "You'll allow that you are very young."

"Not so very. Anyhow, I may claim to be old enough to know my own mind; and, whatever may happen, I sha'n't change it. Are you going to change yours just because an old lady, who has designs of her own, has chosen to make an uncivil speech to you?"

"That wouldn't be quite such an absurd reason as you seem to think; uncivil

speeches mean a good deal more to a woman than they do to a man. However, I didn't say that I meant to change my mind; it is only my conduct that must be changed. All along I have told you that I couldn't marry you or even engage myself to you; and, of course, after that, I ought not to have spoken to you again, except when I couldn't help it, and when we happened to meet as ordinary acquaintances. From this day forth that will have to be our understanding. We won't cut each other, because that would be unnecessary and inconvenient; but we will ignore all that has passed between us up to now."

"As if we could! Violet, do you remember saying that you would never marry any one but me?"

"Yes," answered the girl, "I remember; but it was a stupid thing to say, and I must take it back. Who knows what may come to pass years hence, when you yourself will very likely have married and forgotten me, and when I may feel the need of a home, as women always do after their youth is over? Besides, a promise of that sort would be to some extent binding upon you, too, and I don't wish you to be bound, however vaguely. Say what we will about it, your mother and my mother are in the right. Half measures are impracticable, and since we can't or won't marry upon the pittance that you have, we ought to accept facts honestly and part."

"But it is possible—perfectly possible—to marry upon what you call my pittance," said the young man, eagerly. "And I, for one, should be only too glad and thankful to do it."

He proceeded to explain that, by exchanging into the infantry, he could at once increase the means at his disposal. Added to which, he thought it by no means improbable that he might obtain a staff appointment after a time, and rise to eminence in his profession, as hundreds of others had done.

"One can't expect to run no risk at all," he concluded. "Nothing venture, nothing have."

Violet, however, was not affected by these representations.

"I have thought it all out," she said. "I did, for a moment, feel almost inclined to run the risk that you speak of; but I can't do it, and I mustn't do it. If I didn't repent of having done it afterward for my own sake, I should for yours. You won't understand what I mean, and you will think I have only come here to say good-bye to you because I am too great a coward to face privations; but I can't help that. You must think what you please of me."

Perhaps it was not altogether unpardonable on his part if his thoughts of her at that moment were neither just nor generous.

"There is one thing I should like to ask you, if you will allow me," said he, in a constrained voice. "I suppose you know that my mother hopes to get up a match between you and Wilfrid. Have you any thought of consenting to that?"

"I am not sure that I ought to answer you. Still, if you care to know, I don't mind saying that I have no thought of consenting to it—at present. I won't make any promise with regard to the future. He or another—what can it signify?"

She spoke in such quietly despairing accents, and her attitude, as she leaned over the low stone wall, beside which they had stationed themselves, expressed such complete dejection that his intelligence might surely have been equal to the comprehension of her feelings. But love is proverbially blind; and Hubert, it must be confessed, was hurt and angry, as well as bitterly disappointed.

"What do you mean by the future?" he asked, rather gruffly. "Next week is the future, and so is to-morrow."

"Yes; and this evening too. In another minute or two we shall have taken a fresh departure—you and I. We shall be as free as if we had never met. The past is over—quite over and done with. That is what I want you to understand."

"Very well," remarked Hubert, drawing himself up. "If that is your decision, of course I can say no more."

He held her hand for a moment and then dropped it, without a word. Of

course he was hurt, of course he was disenchanted, and almost equally of course he assumed that Wilfrid's wealth was a more desirable possession in her eyes than his own poor love. By his way of thinking she had gone as near to confessing that as it had been possible for her to do. So he let her go, and turned away in a ferment of wrath against the entire female sex, which at least served to deaden the pain of his disappointment.

Violet, hurrying homewards through the darkness, was as fully aware of his sentiments as if he had expressed them.

"I have done it now," she thought. "I have made him despise me; and if he were to come into a large fortune to-morrow it isn't me that he would offer to share it! Well, I may flatter myself that I have been thoroughly successful. I wanted to convince him that romance was out of the question in our case, and never did I see any one look more convinced. I wonder whether, years hence, it will occur to him that I might have been a little more disinterested than I appeared to be. Probably not; because years hence he won't care a button whether I was disinterested or not."

When she reached her mother's house and entered the drawing-room, she found Mrs. Stanton and Wilfrid Chaine entertaining one another, with a tea-table between them.

"I was really quite frightened," Mrs. Stanton declared, "and Mr. Chaine was most good-naturedly offering to go out and look for you, when we heard you come in."

"I wish he had carried out his good-natured intention," thought Violet to herself. However, she said aloud that she would have been sorry to give Mr. Chaine such unnecessary trouble.

"It wouldn't have been the first time," Wilfrid remarked, with a smile. "I am in a perpetual state of looking out for you in St. Albyn's; but somehow or other, I never had the good luck to discover you."

Violet only replied by a surprised stare; but Mrs. Stanton said, cheerfully:

"Well, you have discovered her at last, you see."

Perhaps this playful remark was not in the best possible taste, and it was certainly a little too bad of her to start up, almost immediately afterward, and hurry out of the room, murmuring something about having forgotten to give any orders to the cook, but after an agonized glance of protest and entreaty (which naturally met with no response) after the good lady's retreating form, Violet sank back in the chair, prepared for the worst. After all, it was not a matter of any great consequence now; Wilfrid could not be prevented from saying what he had to say some time or other, and the sooner his say was said and done with the better.

Such was apparently his own opinion, for he wasted no time about taking advantage of the opportunity for which he had waited so long in vain. Almost before Violet realized that he had made a start, he was finishing. He may have thought that he had finished rather cleverly; his style of so doing was, at all events, resolute and workmanlike, and as he awaited his lady-love's reply, he appeared to her to have very much the air of one who is prepared to accept without unseemly elation the crown of victory which is his due.

This, of course, rendered it all the easier and the less distressing to inform him that he had made a little mistake. Violet thanked him for the honor which he proposed to confer upon her and which he was no doubt justified in considering a high one, but explained that her ambition did not set in the direction indicated. As he must be aware, there was no accounting for tastes and ambitions, and hers happened to be of a humble order.

At first he did not in the least understand her; he thought she had been piqued by his compulsory neglect of her during the canvassing time, and he assured her with great warmth and earnestness that he had been no more to blame for that neglect than he had been for his inability to declare his sentiments immediately after his election. But by de-

grees the painful conviction forced itself upon him that she not only did not love him, but had not the slightest faith in his love for her. Well, there at any rate she was wrong; for he loved her as ardently as it was in his power to love any human being; and, aided by the inherent force and eloquence of truth, he did at length manage to persuade her that he was sincere, notwithstanding her reluctance to allow him credit for any good quality. Her rejoinder was, therefore, couched in somewhat gentler accents than she had hitherto employed.

"I suppose you really do care for me," she said; "indeed there couldn't be any reason for you asking me to marry you unless you did—but I don't quite see why you should. I think you must know that, if I were to accept you—which I can't and won't—it wouldn't be because I cared for you."

He was not, in truth, wholly ignorant of that; yet to hear the fact so simply and unequivocally stated gave him a sharp twinge about the region of the heart. It was not without an effort that he brought himself to speak of Hubert, and confessed that he had hoped that "foolish affair" was a thing of the past.

"Oh! that is a thing of the past," answered Violet, composedly. "Foolish as I am, I am not foolish enough to attempt impossibilities. Only, you know there are various kinds of impossibilities, and nothing is more certain than that for some time to come I shall not dream of marrying anybody."

"Because of him, do you mean?"

"Because of this, that, or the other; what do my motives signify to you, so long as you realize that they are strong enough to compel me to decline your offer finally."

But this was just what Wilfrid did not realize. His passions were in a certain sense powerful, and he had never been accustomed to place any curb upon them save the curb of self-interest. Whetted by opposition, his passion for Violet had become too intense to be laid aside at her bidding; he told her so with an emphasis and emotion which astonished and almost touched her.



As he walked down the street he met two persons of whom he took no notice; but one of them noticed and recognized him. As soon as he had passed out of hearing she turned to her companion and said, in apparent continuation of an unfinished speech:

"So there it is, Mr. Fletcher; I don't see my way to doing as you wish, and we had better say no more about it."

"Why, Jessie," exclaimed the fat little man, who was ambling along by her side, "what's come over you? I thought just now you was going to say yes, and be done with it."

"Did you?" returned Mrs. Viccars, with a short laugh. "Well, so did I, maybe; for you're a decent sort of a man in your way, and a home is a home. But I've changed my mind, you see; I often do."

If Wilfrid could have overheard it, he might with some reason have cursed his luck; for had he emerged from Mrs. Stanton's house two minutes later, it is quite upon the cards that he would have had no further trouble with Jessie Viccars.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

JOHN AND IDA ARE ENLIGHTENED.

"CAN you spare me a quarter of an hour? I have something to tell you," said Ida, at breakfast one morning.

"I can spare a great many quarters of an hour, if they are required," answered John, with a melancholy smile. "Shall we go into the drawing-room or will you come into my den?"

"It doesn't matter. Well, your room will be best, perhaps; I daresay you want to smoke."

John had a short black pipe which had been his friend and solace during the time of his exile. After filling and lighting it—always with the same apologetic air which his wife found so irritating—he turned his back to the fire and stood, looking inquiringly at her. It is a queer, but indubitable fact that some men can afford to smoke a pipe, just as some can afford to wear the oldest and shabbiest of clothes, whereas others cannot; perhaps it was a sign

of the deep and unreasoning prejudice whereby Ida's mind was warped that she said to herself, as she watched her husband, that one must be a gentleman to be included in the former category. Since she did not break silence for a moment or two, John thought it incumbent upon him to help her out.

"I suppose," he observed, "it is about Wilfrid and Miss Stanton that you want to speak to me."

"Yes," she answered; "partly about them, but principally about him and—and myself. I daresay the shortest plan will be to start at the beginning. A woman named Viccars came here after breakfast this morning and asked to see me: I need not tell you what her errand was."

John shook his head.

"I went up to the Court and saw Wilfrid immediately after the woman had left me," said Ida.

"Ah! you didn't meet with any success, I am afraid."

"No; he felt strong enough to defy me. But I have something else to say to you which I know you will not like to hear; but it must be said, because Wilfrid means you to hear it, and he thought he could frighten me into submission by the mere threat of telling you. I don't think I have done anything wrong; only put it how I may, it will sound to you as if I had done wrong, and perhaps it would have been more straightforward to confess the truth before I was forced into doing so. If I have done wrong in that, I—I beg your pardon."

She brought out the last words with an obvious effort and with no very penitent ring in her voice.

"My dear," said John, quietly and wonderingly, "I will answer for it beforehand that you have done nothing wrong."

"Ah! you used not to be so sure of me! I suppose you have changed; you don't seem able to care much about anybody or anything now. Well, I must say what I have to say; it won't take long. I wonder whether you remember what I told you when I consented to marry you."

"Perfectly well. You told me that you were not in love with me; and, to the best of my recollection, I replied that it would have been very strange if you had been. I am not, and I never was the sort of man with whom you could possibly have fallen in love."

"I don't know about that; but there was a reason which made it impossible for me to love you, and if I had been straightforward, I suppose I should have mentioned it at the time. My excuse is that it is rather a hard thing to admit that you are in love with a man who has thrown you over, and I believed then that Arthur Mayne had thrown me over. You may have heard—most likely somebody has been kind enough to inform you of it—that I was very near marrying Arthur Mayne when he suddenly and without any explanation left the place. On the very eve of my wedding-day he returned, and then I found out that both he and I had been deceived by—by those who may have thought that they were doing us a service in parting us. It was too late for me to draw back. I told him so, and I married you, and I tried to do my duty to you. Afterward came that trouble about Mr. Fraser, for whom I hope you believe now that I never had any sort of feeling beyond a lukewarm sort of friendship. I was dull and lonely, and he enlivened my solitude a little; that was the whole history of our intimacy from first to last."

John made a sign of assent.

"I was an utter lunatic to be jealous of the man," said he, in contrite accents.

"Yes, I think you were. But you would not have been a lunatic if you had been jealous of Mr. Mayne; for I never forgot him, though I can honestly say that I did my best to put him out of my thoughts. Of course, I never had any news of him, direct or indirect; I took it for granted that he had forgotten me, or at any rate that he would soon forget me. It was not until after you had caused the news of your death to be announced to us that I met him again, and then—"

"And then, as was only natural, you

and he agreed to let bygones be bygones. I see."

John spoke so calmly and quietly that his wife hardly knew whether any sarcasm was intended or not. She would have found it more easy to defend herself if he had taken up another tone. As it was, the nature of the case compelled her to assume an attitude of self-defense, although she had not been attacked.

"I had every right and every reason to think that I was free," she went on. "At first I would not accept him, because it seemed to me that, as the widow of a supposed murderer, I should bring some sort of disgrace upon him by becoming his wife; but after Barton's admission of his guilt there was an end to that objection; and so—"

"Yes?"

"And so I yielded; although our engagement was not publicly announced. If it had been announced, I should have been bound to tell you about it; as it was known to nobody except ourselves, I thought I was entitled to hold my peace. I won't pretend that consideration for you had anything to do with my silence; I should have remained silent to my dying day if Wilfrid hadn't threatened to enlighten you. At least you know the whole truth now; I am not sure that you would have heard the truth from him."

Having made an end of speaking, she stood with downcast eyes, awaiting the storm which she had fully expected her words to arouse. But no storm came. Instead of that, John's hand was laid gently upon her shoulder, and it was John's voice that said, in a tone of infinite tenderness and compassion:

"My poor girl, what can I do for you? Unless I hang myself or cut my throat, what can I do? It is useless to plead that when I told that lie about my being dead, I thought it would be a perfectly harmless one; I had no business to think so; if I had not been blinded by selfishness I should have known better. And now nothing I can ever say or do can ever atone for the injury that I have done you. There is just one way, and only one, in which I can serve you,

and that is to relieve you from the suffering of seeing me every day. Even that I can't do without asking you to give me a little money. Let us say £200. With £200 I can go back to America and earn my living, and I will solemnly promise you that I will never return. There will be no need for any scandal about it; plenty of men go off to distant countries nowadays, leaving their wives behind them, and if they don't reappear in a short time, people forget their existence. I wish I could tell you how sorry I am—though there's no good in being sorry."

Ida looked at him for a moment, and then broke into passionate weeping.

"Oh! don't talk like that," she exclaimed; "you break my heart! It is I, not you, who have been selfish. I begin to understand now—I think I understand. It is that you are good, not that you are a coward, as I was base enough to imagine. You are so good that you can forgive me and even Wilfrid. 'I am not like that—I never could be!'"

John laughed, though there were tears in his eyes too. "I don't claim to be good," said he; "I do claim to love you, though I have given you very little proof of it so far. I am not sure that I love Wilfrid; only I would rather not have any hand in harming him. I may be mistaken, but I have a very strong conviction that it won't be necessary for you or me to harm him, and that he may be safely left to the tender mercies of Miss Stanton and Jessie Viccars. Well, now, about that £200: Can you spare as much!"

"No," answered Ida, with a catch in her voice; "I can't spare it, and I can't spare you, either. Will you give me another trial, John? You know everything now; you know what I can't do; will you let me try to do what I can? After all, we are husband and wife, and it ought not to be impossible for us to live together."

It is not easy to define moral impossibilities, nor is it so simple a matter as it may seem at first sight to set limits to the amazing vitality of hope. Evident though it was to John that his wife never would

and never could love him, he had given her his word, before he left the room, that he would not sail for America until she asked him to do so.

#### CHAPTER XLV.

##### JOHN'S FINAL ACT OF FOLLY.

JOHN, debarred from equestrian exercise by a hard and persistent frost, was, through the same agency, provided with an excellent pretext for pursuing that policy of self-effacement which he conceived to be incumbent upon him. There was a sheet of artificial water in the Chaine Court grounds which, when the ice was strong enough to bear, had always been thrown open to the skaters of St. Albyn's and its vicinity, and although John was no very accomplished performer, he possessed a pair of old skates, of which at this time he made diligent use all the day long. Once or twice he ventured, in a deprecating, tentative fashion, to hint that it might amuse his wife to accompany him; but Ida did not skate; did not care to stand about in the cold, and candidly confessed that she had no wish to form one of a crowd some members of which might not impossibly assail her with troublesome queries.

"If there were any chance of my meeting Violet Stanton, I think, perhaps, I would go," she remarked; "but most likely she hates a frost too much to take any advantage of it as a substitute for hunting, and upon the whole, I dare say it is as well that we shouldn't meet. If we did, I couldn't say what I should like to say to her, and she can't have anything to say to me, or she would have let me know."

One day, however, John returned to luncheon for the express purpose of mentioning that he had left Miss Stanton, together with a large party of her friends, on the lake, where they proposed to remain until nightfall.

"She asked after you," he added, "and I rather fancied from her manner that she wished to speak to you. Would it bore you very much to walk back with me presently? This will be our last day's skating, I expect; for the wind has

backed into the southwest and the glass is falling fast."

"It will not bore me in the least," answered Ida.

For once John's honest, short-sighted comprehension of the actions and motives of his fellow-creatures had not misled him. No sooner had Ida joined the throng of young men and maidens who were congregated on the shores of the lake, and who had just been regaled by the hospitable lord of the manor with a hot luncheon, served in a tent erected for that purpose, than Violet hastened to meet her, and taking her by the hand, drew her aside.

"What is the meaning of all this?" the girl exclaimed. "What are you and your husband thinking about? Is it possible that you can have been talked over into keeping silence when you know perfectly well that you have been made the victims of the most cruel and cold-blooded plot that ever was devised! As I told that unhappy Mrs. Viccars, it is nothing to me; I refused Mr. Chaine before I ever heard a word of this disgraceful story. But surely it ought to be something to you! I can't understand your having written such a letter to her as you did."

It must be confessed that Violet did not understand her friend's forbearance much better even after the full explanation with which Ida now felt free to furnish her. Nothing could be more obvious than that John Chaine had been deliberately and shamefully deceived, nor could there be the shadow of a doubt but that a full disclosure of the circumstances would render Wilfrid's position morally untenable, though from a legal point of view he might be secure against any attack.

"And if, as you say, you have learned at last to appreciate your husband at his true value," she remarked, "why don't you insist upon making the rest of the world appreciate him, in spite of himself?"

"Well, because he doesn't wish it," answered Ida. "That may not be the best of all possible reasons; but it is sufficient for me. You don't know—no-

body but myself can ever know—how good he has been to me, and the very least return that I can make to him now is to obey him without arguing about it. Perhaps he is in the right, too. The only thing that made me long to disobey him in this case was my fear that you might be induced to accept Wilfrid, in ignorance of what he really is. Don't you think that poor Hubert has shown enough patience and steadfastness by this time, and that—"

"Oh! that is quite over and done with," interrupted Violet. "I have refused him also—refused him finally and irrevocably."

Ida laughed.

"Refusals of that kind are never irrevocable," she remarked. "Why isn't he here to-day, I wonder?"

"Probably because he was afraid that I should be here."

Such fun as is obtained by frozen-out fox-hunters was not, it appeared, to fall to Miss Stanton's share that afternoon; for no sooner had she seated herself upon the bank, and set to work to fit her skates on to her boots than John, who had been hovering in her neighborhood for the last ten minutes, drew near, and begged her to abandon her intention.

"It really isn't safe," he said; "I am going to warn all these good people off, and if they won't listen to me, the chances are that we shall have half of them drowned. Anyhow, you can see for yourself that if the ice isn't positively dangerous yet, it isn't fit to skate upon."

Violet, caring very little about skating and rejoicing in the prospect of a thaw, at once intimated her willingness to go home; and John, after thanking her and obtaining Ida's promise that she, too, would refrain from running an unnecessary risk, hastened away to deliver some words of caution to less docile hearers.

Looking back afterward upon the catastrophe which ensued, and endeavoring to recall the circumstances of its occurrence, Ida was never able to remember more than that she and Violet must have retraced their steps for two or three hundred yards when they were arrested



by a sudden crash and a confused uproar of voices. Then, to their horror, they saw that the ice had given way, and that between fifty and sixty people had been immersed. These, as appeared from subsequent statements made by them, owed their lives solely to the prompt and energetic action of John Chaine, who, notwithstanding their reluctance and the incredulous laughter of his brother, insisted upon driving them before him, like a flock of sheep, toward the shore; so that they were only plunged into shallow water and escaped with a fright, and in some instances, with a bad cold.

At the time, however, it looked very much as if a frightful calamity had taken place, and such helpless bystanders as Ida and Violet were naturally agitated to the point of losing all their presence of mind. Other bystanders—the servants who were removing the remains of the luncheon, and the men who were employed in taking down the tent—not being helpless, kept their wits about them and rendered what assistance was required; so that when John, breathless and dripping, rejoined his wife, he was able to say:

"Well, thank Heaven! we've got out of that better than we deserved! There wasn't much time to spare, though. Where is Wilfrid? Have you seen him?"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a laborer rushed up to him, exclaiming:

"The squire's in the water, sir! right out there in the middle of the lake. O Lord! O Lord! what a bad job! We can't never get to him—not without he can keep hisself afloat till we run the boat down."

John's coat and boots were off in less than a minute. Ida saw him run across the yard or so of unbroken ice which fringed the land; she saw him throw himself into the water; she saw him strike out toward a dark object which the waning light just enabled her to distinguish as the head of a man; she saw him reach it. Then it seemed to her that there was some sort of struggle, that John was being dragged down; then

somebody—whether it was herself or not she could not tell—screamed aloud. The next thing of which she was fully conscious was that she was being led away by her father, who had his arm round her, and was saying:

"Come home with me, my dear; this is no place for you. Everything that can be done will be done; but it is impossible that the bodies should be recovered to-night, I fear. Until the ice has melted, no steps can be taken. Try to compose yourself; try to remember that your poor dear husband has died the death of a hero."

The Dean of St. Albyn's, it may be assumed, no more knew what he was saying than most people know in moments of sudden and unexpected crisis; but he probably felt, as most people feel, that it was necessary to say something, and that it did not in the very least signify what he said. As for Ida, she suffered herself to be drawn away without resistance or remonstrance. Her husband had been drowned before her eyes; but she was not conscious of having seen him drowned, nor was she able to recall any of the details of that swift tragedy even when a description was subsequently given to her of how Wilfrid had insanely clutched and pinioned his would-be rescuer, how John had vainly attempted to free himself from that death-grip, and how, after a short contest, both brothers had been drawn beneath the ice and had perished. She was assured that every effort had been made to save them; but, as a matter of fact, little had been done, because nothing could be done. As the Dean had predicted would be the case, it was not until the following day that their bodies were recovered, locked together in an embrace which, to some of the survivors, may have seemed to present a terrible and ghastly example of the irony of fate.

#### CHAPTER XLVI.

##### THE FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

ON a fine sunny afternoon, some three months after the occurrence of the catastrophe related in the last chapter, Violet Stanton was sitting, all by herself, in the

garden of one of those Cannes villas which, during the cold season, are, for the most part, tenanted at an exorbitant rental by members of the British aristocracy and plutocracy. Lady Elizabeth Chaine had temporarily expatriated herself, and, for other reasons equally comprehensible, she had taken Violet Stanton with her as the companion of her exile. The simultaneous and appallingly sudden death of her two sons had, of course, been a terrible shock to the old lady; it had caused her to feel more alone in the world than she had felt before, and it had prompted her to make a suggestion which had been willingly enough accepted. Both Violet and her mother had thought it eminently desirable that the former should leave England and all its associations for a time, while Lady Elizabeth had declared, with evident sincerity, that if anything could console her in her affliction, it would be the society of one whom she had always regarded with affection and toward whom she had, at one time, hoped to stand in an even closer relation than that of a friend.

What about Hubert, who was now the owner of Chaine Court, and who, Violet had been given to understand, intended to give up soldiering, as every gentleman who is possessed of considerable landed estates ought to do? It was, of course, impossible for her to marry Hubert—a hundred times more impossible than it had been under previous conditions. She had rejected him upon the specific ground of his indigence, and although it might seem a logical inference that she should now accept him upon the ground of his wealth, nobody out of a lunatic asylum ever expects a woman to be logical. Moreover, as a matter of detail, he had not repeated his offer; so that she had been allowed no chance of pointing out to him what a gross insult such a repetition must necessarily be. It is not impossible that this omission on his part may have had something to do with her present state of dejection; for one does not altogether enjoy being despised, however willing one may be to acknowledge that one's conduct has, upon the face of it, merited contempt.

"What a fool I was to leave them!" sighed Violet; "why couldn't I stay at home, and go my own way, and leave people who don't seem to have so much as noticed my absence to take care of themselves! Hunting is the only thing worth living for, *il n'y a que ça!* But here I am, and here, I suppose, I shall have to stay until after Easter. I won't do it a second time, though! If I know myself, I shall go down to my grave without ever again setting eyes upon a palm or a cactus or a eucalyptus. How ugly they all are, when you look at them dispassionately as trees, and not as curiosities!"

She had just pronounced this rather hasty and unfair mental judgment upon sub-tropical vegetation when a voice, of which the pitch was very familiar to her, said, close behind her ear:

"If you aren't asleep, Miss Stanton, may I make so bold as to shake hands?"

Violet started to her feet. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed, with pardonable irritation, "where have you sprang from, and what do you mean by making a person jump like that?"

"I didn't spring," answered Hubert, humbly; "I walked out of the house after I had washed off some of the dirt of that filthy railway journey. They told me you were in the garden, and that my mother had gone out for a drive. Didn't she tell you I was coming?"

Violet shook her head. "She never said a word about it."

"Well, I telegraphed to her, anyhow, and she must have expected me, because my room was ready. I suppose you can guess why I have come."

"Apparently in order to see Lady Elizabeth."

"No I haven't come for that purpose, and you know very well that I haven't. I came to see you and to remind you that the only reason you ever gave for driving me away from you doesn't exist any longer. I couldn't speak before; it seemed hardly decent, somehow, to speak when poor dear, old John and Wilfrid weren't cold in their graves; but lately I have been afraid that you might not quite understand my silence, and so—here I am."

"Didn't it strike you that I also might, in my humble way, have some slight appreciation of the requirements of decency? I refused to marry you when you were poor, because you were poor. Did you think that meant that you had only to become rich in order to be gratefully accepted?"

"I don't see why I shouldn't have thought so; but I don't see any necessity either, for putting things in that unpleasant way. The only question that is of any real consequence is whether you love me or not."

"Oh! excuse me; that isn't by any means the only question. You can't truthfully deny that you didn't think my love, such as it was, worth having when we parted in the Precincts that evening; and if it wasn't worth having then, it can't be worth having now."

"Of course I don't deny that I was angry with you and disappointed in you that evening," answered Hubert, "you did your best to make me think badly of you, and naturally I didn't understand at the time what you were driving at. But since then I have had some talks with Ida, who has opened my eyes, and I know now that it was pure unselfishness and nothing else that made you speak as you did."

This authoritative young man now took speedy measures to prove his belief in her. Violet, who could be authoritative, too, had many excellent arguments with which to combat him; but she was unable to state these, because he would not give her time. She was vanquished before she well realized that the combat had begun, and all she could say for herself at the expiration of five minutes was:

"Well, if you ever repent of your bargain, you will have to confess, in common honesty, that you have nobody but yourself to thank for it."

"Oh! that's all right," answered Hubert, calmly. "Now, let's go in and receive my mother's blessing. I heard her drive up to the door a minute ago, and I know she won't take her bonnet off until she has been told that there's no further cause for anxiety. I forgot to

mention that she has been urging me to come out here for the last month."

Lady Elizabeth duly embraced and wept over the young couple. She remarked, with innocent candor, that she had always longed to have Violet for her daughter-in-law, that circumstances alter cases, and that, although she could not, of course, have wished Hubert to marry as a subaltern, she was only too thankful that he should have taken advantage of his changed position to make so admirable a choice.

And, indeed, the old lady was not far wrong. Circumstances, it must be admitted, do alter cases, control, whether we will or no, the course of our lives, make impossibilities possible, convert imprudence into common sense and justify a great deal which might otherwise have remained unjustifiable. However, it was not until long after Hubert and Violet had been married in St. Albyn's cathedral that Ida could be brought to see how entirely justifiable it was on her part to become the wife of her first love. She was impressed with a morbid conviction, which the testimony of eye-witnesses could not shake, that John had not perished involuntarily, and she entertained another conviction, scarcely less morbid, to the effect that she had no right to be happy when she had brought so much unhappiness upon one whom she had only learned to appreciate too late. On the other hand, she had no reply to make to Arthur Mayne when he pointed out to her that having made one man unhappy is not quite the best of reasons for inflicting the same fate upon a second; so that in the long run his representations achieved the result which they could not very well help achieving.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Mayne care to spend very much of their time nowadays in a neighborhood which has painful associations for both of them. Their home is, of necessity, in London, and during the long vacation they prefer going abroad to staying with their relations, although they cannot altogether ignore the claims of Chaine Court and the Deanery.

THE END.

## OUR LETTER FROM EUROPE.

VENICE, December 7th.

MY DEAR EDITORS:—Well, here we are at last, though it did seem as if all the powers of darkness were in league to thwart and delay us.

My companions, who, by the way, are from the South, and know all about such things, say that we have been "hoodooed," but *I* know that neither "hoodoos," "haunts," or vampires are answerable for our ill-luck, but the villainous temper of the ticket-agent in Berlin. Let me warn you right here, most solemnly, *when* you undertake that future tour through Europe, *don't*, as you value your peace of mind and body, *don't* have any dealings with the "International Traveling Bureau," in Berlin.

I went some four times in the laudable effort to discover my best route from Germany to Italy.

Now, if I had been a *man*, of course I would have bought a *Bra'shaw* and studied out all that I wanted to know, but being "only a girl"—and, unfortunately, thoroughly imbued with the orthodox idea that *men* are the only legitimate and divinely-appointed fountains of knowledge, I went, as I said, in an evil hour to seek wisdom and to buy my ticket; and each time when I left the office I felt more bewildered than when I entered, but I had always a sensation of devout gratitude that I had at least escaped with my life—Potstausend! what a temper!

The last time I went I felt rather more independent, for I had brought my money and was prepared to buy my ticket, and I entertained a vague impression that this fact entitled me to some sort of consideration; but the man was engaged in so fierce a quarrel with another native that my hair fairly stood on end from fright.

I really thought my troubles were all over when I had at last bought my ticket and found myself seated in the through train for Vienna, where I ex-

pected my friends to meet me. I had the ladies' coupé with only one companion as far as Dresden, which, by the way, was all gay with flags in honor of the recent marriage of some member of the royal family of Saxony whose name I have quite forgotten. The journey proved tedious in the extreme—there is but little scenery of special interest—just a succession of dull little villages with straw-roofed houses and a general air of sordid poverty, unrelieved by a single even decent building.

Some ladies got into our coupé when we were nearing Vienna, and I began to ask a few timid questions about the station at which I *wished* to arrive. Then, and not till then did I understand how much that cross ticket-agent had to answer for. Why, oh! why did he tell me in cold blood that I could land at either station in Vienna—leaving me to suppose it was a matter of indifference at which one, and to write to my friends to meet me at the "Nord Bahnhof," when, in fact, my train never touched but one station, and that the "Nord West"? Why, oh! why *is* fate so perverse?

However, it was still early when we arrived, and after all it was a very simple matter to fire off a few phrases of my ever-increasing stock of presentable German, take a cab and drive to the Pension where I knew I was expected.

Just as I drove up to the door in one direction my friends approached from the opposite side, and there in front of the house we kept the two cabmen waiting while we fell upon each others' necks.

That was my first glimpse at Vienna and of the "beautiful blue Danube."

Right here let me make a statement which I know you will all consider fatally unorthodox: the rivers here in Europe are a great *fraud*. The Arno is a mud-puddle—the Rhine is just like any other river, and the Danube—well, it may be yellow, green, or gray, but it certainly is *not* blue. Perhaps if my first look at it



had transpired upon a "night in June" I might have been able to pump up some enthusiasm, but as it was a night in November, and as I was not in a row-boat but in a cab, it left me perfectly cool.

But the Danube was, I must admit, the only disappointment I met with in Vienna, which is, with the exception of Paris, incomparably the most beautiful city I have yet seen. St. Stephen's Church is the noblest cathedral on German soil, and its windows are perhaps the most gorgeous in the world. We think, you know, that some of our churches at home have very fine stained glass, but, my dear deluded people, let me inform you "in the spirit of love" that you don't know what real stained windows are!

Imagine all of the most beautiful paintings you have ever seen suddenly transferred from opaque canvas to real living, burning jewels, and then fancy how they would look against a summer sky at sunset, and you will perhaps have a notion of my sensations as I wandered in and out under the vast Gothic arches of St. Stephen's, gazing with dazzled eyes at the purple, gold, green, and rose rays of the afternoon sun.

I had but four days in Vienna, and I was constantly oppressed by the feeling of almost despair at the thought of how little I could do and how much there was to be done.

The Vienna National Gallery is very large, and contains besides the paintings a fine collection of rare coins, medals, etc. The pictures are not of course equal to those one finds in Italian cities, but there are a few priceless gems which, scattered around judiciously, leaven the whole indigestible lump of "Rubens" and the very old French and Italian schools.

There is a lovely Madonna of Raphael's called the "Madonna on the Green," in Raphael's early style; for my part the sweet, faint landscape of river, hills, and sky which make the background is more attractive than the figures of mother and child, which have a certain insipidity, and—but bless me!

what *am* I doing? criticising Raphael! I! *could* presumption go farther?

There is an exquisite little "St. John with the Lamb," an "Ecce Homo," by Reni, and the original of Correggio's "Jupiter and Io," which to my mind is less impressive than the copy in Berlin.

Really, I do not believe I remember a single picture besides in the whole collection; though certainly that speaks much worse for me than for the gallery.

The building itself is superb—massive marble columns and flight above flight of marble stairs, which I, for one, could easily dispense with. I quite agree with an American gentleman of a practical turn, who suggested that the government might better have invested a part of the price of those steep steps in a nice American elevator.

The private picture gallery of Count Liechtenstein is also one of the sights of Vienna. I strayed out to the palace one bright morning by myself, but, although the collection is large, there are few really great pictures, and I felt scarcely rewarded for my many weary steps.

The Parliament building—the Rathhouse—and the new Theatre we saw only from the outside, but we went to the opera one night to hear "Romeo and Juliet" after Gounod's version. The opera itself is lovely, and the orchestra is, as is well known, the finest in Europe, so far as opera-house orchestras are concerned, still, I hardly think it would have impressed us so deeply had we not had the unexpected privilege of hearing Van Dyck sing the part of Romeo—the great Van Dyck, I mean—the well-remembered "Parsifal" of Bayreuth.

He is such a thorough artist and his voice is so pure and true and so dramatic that we could not have failed to enjoy it intensely, even if the "Juliet" had not been a young and beautiful girl with a suit of *real* black hair and the highest and clearest of soprano voices.

The audience looked *very* German to me, and that is the same as saying that they were *very* badly dressed indeed.

This quite surprised me, as Vienna has a very high reputation for style, and I expected to find the Viennese "glasses

of fashion and molds of form." Nor did they behave very well, either, for they talked, laughed, and called for refreshments in a way which no Berlin audience would tolerate.

On Sunday there was a splendid Strauss concert and many from our Pension attended, but I must confess that my provincial ideas on the subject of Sunday recoiled from a concert of dance music and so I stayed at home quite contentedly.

To our unlimited chagrin we discovered that the cross old ticket-agent in Berlin had prepared still another obstruction to our march southward by giving me my ticket over the longest and most circuitous of the two roads, so that we would be compelled to stop over twenty-four hours in Venice, besides traveling all night.

We set off in rather an ill humor, all of us; for a second-class carriage on an Austrian train is by no means an ideal spot in which to pass a night. The seats are narrow and hard, and, while too long for one person, are decidedly *not* long enough for two, and, oh! how that train did jump and tremble! It carried me back vividly to those never-to-be-forgotten days at sea, and the fact that two of our party were deathly sea-sick all night long helped the illusion. When we changed cars the next morning at C——, we felt like battered wrecks of our former selves.

The sight of the Adriatic and the approach of Venice revived us entirely, however, and by the time we had taken our seats under the black canopy of our gondola we had recovered all our enthusiasm, and felt sure that life was once more worth living.

Oh! if I had the hand of an artist and the soul of a poet I might tell about the lovely "bride of the Adriatic," as she, little by little, unfolded herself before us under the clear, pale sunshine of December. Our gondolier, dressed in his dark shirt with the picturesque red sash knotted about his waist, rowed us in and out of the narrow winding water streets, under the numberless bridges, and between the long rows of more or less weather-worn "palazzi" on either shore; at every bridge and at every turn he would

utter his characteristic and musical cry as a warning to any other boatman who might be invisible around the sharp curve. Again and again did it seem to us that we *must* surely have a collision, but the skill with which they manage the apparently clumsy little craft is wonderful.

This was our second visit to Venice, and so we were greeted as old friends by the porter and maids of the "Grand Hotel," and after we had made ourselves presentable and had taken a much-needed hot luncheon we sallied out to renew our acquaintance with the merchants of mosaic and glass and filigree work, and to make, if possible, a bargain or two.

One of our party had a special talent for "haggling," and it was entertaining to hear her conversation:

"*What!* three francs for *that* little box! it's absurd! perfectly outrageous! Why, I know a lady who got just such a one for two francs fifty centimes."

To which the merchant responded, rubbing his hands, despairingly, through his stubby hair:

"*That* box two francs fifty? Oh! no, madame! Impossible. I make but twenty-five centimes if I sell it at three francs; oh! no, that is such a *fine* box," etc., etc.

It would generally end by her offering to give him two francs fifty centimes, and by his finally compromising upon two seventy-five, and wrapping up the parcel with the air of the latest Christian martyr.

San Marco, with its round dome and its magnificent bronze lions, we welcomed as an old friend, and when, once more in our pleasant upper rooms in the hotel, we leaned out of the window and looked from the starry sky above to the dim, blue waters of the Grand Canal below, one exclamation of delight broke from each and all.

Just across from us rose the white dome of "Santa Maria della Salute," erected at the cessation of the great plague, gleaming in unnatural whiteness against the evening sky; to our left the Grand Canal broadened imperceptibly, gradually, as if it were slowly opening its arms to embrace the sea; on its smooth

surface came and went in perpetual procession the spectral black gondolas—each with its tall dark boatman and with its bright colored lantern at the stern reflected in the water beneath.

The occasional call of the gondolier, and the faint swish of the water behind a little steam ferry-boat were the only sounds, for Venice is the most silent of cities. But, no! did I say the only sound? What is this far, faint music that rises from the water? and who are these dark figures in that gayly-lighted gondola which pauses, even as you listen, before the door of the hotel? Ah, my friends, you will never hear a serenade until you come to Venice, and you know nothing of boat songs until a dozen or more men's voices with one or two clear full sopranos sing "Santa Lucia" beneath your window.

The next morning we set out to do some little sight-seeing which we had neglected in our hasty visit last summer.

The best pictures of Venice, let me tell you, are in the churches—the galleries are disappointing and those in the Doge's palace are more remarkable for size than for beauty. The churches, however, and sometimes the very small and obscure churches, hold treasures worth a king's ransom.

In "Santa Maria Formosa" is the loveliest thing in Venice I think, beyond question. It is a full-length picture of "Santa Barbara" by "Palma Vecchio." The fair-haired saint is standing with one foot advanced and a fish in her hand. The strong and noble beauty of the woman has at the first glance more of the virile grace of some classic Minerva than the conventional mediæval saint, and yet, as you look at it, there seems to dawn in the face an expression pure, serene, meek, and steadfast, which is not Greek at all, but one of the most perfect types of true, brave, simple, Christian womanhood.

We stood in the somewhat forlorn little church as if spell-bound, and though Venice in all her morning glory was waiting for us outside, we could scarcely tear ourselves away from our fair saint.

We stepped out into the narrow street,

thronged as usual with bare-headed, picturesque women with beautiful Southern faces and gay cotton gowns—the men, less interesting and picturesque, and the children sadly dirty and forlorn, and were glad to hail a gondola and spend our last hours in Venice on the water.

We visited several of the principal churches, in each of which are numbers of more or less famous paintings by Bellini, Titian, Palma, Giovane, Paul Veronese, and other distinctively Venetian masters, which in other countries would be centres of interest and attraction; but Venice, like many other Italian cities, suffers from an "embarrassment of riches," and master-pieces are common-places.

Well, the sun shone down upon us warm and clear out of a cloudless heaven, our gondolier gave us scraps of information in his liquid Italian and tried to satisfy the aristocratic appetite of some of us, by pointing out palaces where countesses, marchesas, and baronesses lived in the present, or had glorified by their presence in the days of the Republic, to which the Venetians seem to look back with wistful reverence.

We rowed along the Rialto, and out of respect to Shylock's memory we climbed up the steps to the Rialto bridge, and walked across to see the merchants and their wares.

We were all fully convinced that we should see Venice no more,

"Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,"

and so we took a parting view of the "bridge of sighs," St. Mark's, and all the other glistening palaces and churches which make Venice a sort of earthly symbol of that "City which came down from God out of Heaven, adorned as a bride for her husband."

Why must we go? and why, since we must leave, did we ever come?

That is the somewhat ungrateful feeling with which we pay our hotel-bill (a very exorbitant one, by the way,) and set out on our journey toward Florence.

Wherever we go in the future I think we shall carry with us one of the per-

fectly beautiful and flawless memories of which time cannot rob us—the picture of Venice as she looked to-day.

For *me*, whenever in future I think of "Venice where the merchants were the kings; where St. Mark's is, where the doges used to wed the sea with rings," I shall think, not of doge or palace, but of a forlorn little church, and of fair, tall "Saint Barbara" with her red-gold hair and that look of steadfast purpose—of gentle yet unswerving strength, which somehow made all selfishness and pettiness ashamed.

She stands forever, an immortal refutation of Browning's severe arraignment:

"As for Venice and her people  
Merely born to bloom and drop;  
Here on earth they bore their fruitage,  
Mirth and folly were the crop.  
What of soul was left I wonder  
When the kissing had to stop?  
Dust and ashes, dead and done with,  
Venice spent what Venice earned.  
The soul doubtless is immortal—  
Where a soul can be discerned."

No, no, St. Barbara and many another sweet saintly face which looks down from faded canvas on the old church walls bear witness that the soul of Venice lived on and uttered itself in the enduring language of form and color.  
FLORENTIA.

### BY THE SEA.

BY M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

I THINK, as the white sails come and go,  
Of the welcomes loud and the farewells low,  
Of the meeting lips and the parting tears,  
Of the new-born hopes and growing fears,  
Of the eyes that glow, and the cheeks that pale,  
As the hazy horizon's mystic veil  
Is silently parted, and to and fro  
The white sails come and the white sails go.

And a gray mist gathers, and all grows dim,  
As I watch alone by the ocean's rim;  
For a dream is mine, ah, me! ah, me!  
That salt with tears is the salt, salt sea.  
Oh! yearning eyes and outstretched hands,  
And divided lives and divided lands;  
As long as the waters ebb and flow  
Shall the white sails come and the white sails go.



## FLOWERS: IN-DOORS AND OUT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

TO MY READERS:—The HOME MAGAZINE has decided to add to its other departments one devoted to the culture of flowers in the house, garden, and home greenhouse. It is my intention to make it useful, practical, pleasant. It will be for the amateur rather than the professional. I shall be glad to have flower-loving readers co-operate with me in my efforts to make it useful by sending me hints and helps drawn from their own personal experience, and not from theory. Let them be brief, pointed, practical. As space is limited, only such

### A GOOD CEMETERY PLANT.

I AM often asked to name some plant suited to cemetery use. The color preferred is generally white, and something hardy, profuse, and constant flowering is sought for.

Such a plant is the Achilea. It is of a low-growing, spreading habit, branching so freely as to soon cover consider-



THE ACHILEA.

questions as are of general interest will be answered in these columns. Be sure that the information you ask for will be of benefit to some one else before you ask it. If it is not, and you want advice, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and it will be sent by mail.

Address all communications regarding matters pertaining to this department to me, not to the editor or office of the Magazine.

EBEN E. REXFORD,  
SHIOCTON, WIS.

able surface. Its flowers are small, but produced in such clusters that they seem to almost completely cover the plant. They are white, and quite double, and last well. The plant begins to bloom quite early in the season, and continues to bloom until quite late in the fall. It stands drouth better than most plants, and on this account it will commend it-

self to those who wish something for locations in cemeteries where whatever plant is used will be obliged to take care of itself, to a great extent.

It is fine for front rows in the herbaceous border. It is very useful for cutting, because of the slender, half-trailing habit of its branches, and the lasting qualities of its flowers. Being of a neu-

broidery of branch and leaf, and flower or fruit. Vines about a house always make me think of those little graces of manner which make some persons with whom we come in contact so charming. They are not really necessary, perhaps, but they add such an air of refinement that the object with which they are associated would not seem itself without them. A vine clambering up the corner of a square, stiff-looking house soon takes away the angular effect which the bare house will be sure to give you, and in a short time the hard outlines of the building will be so softened and hidden that you forget about them. There is something homelike about them. Their tendrils seem to work their way into your affection, and you always think of them with a different feeling from that which comes to you when you think of the shrubs in the garden.

One of the best native vines we have is the Bittersweet, catalogued by its proper name of *Celastrus Scandens*. It makes a rapid growth, when once well established, and will climb to the eaves of a high building, if given something to cling to. If fastened to the wall securely, it will cling and twine about itself until it has an appearance of a thick rope, in places.

Its foliage is a bright green, produced so freely as to cover the plant well. It bears drooping clusters of berries, which are of a crimson color. Each berry is inclosed in an orange-colored capsule which bursts apart, disclosing the fruit within. These

clusters are quite as showy as flowers when seen among the green leaves, and they are retained until late in the season. Indeed, they would remain on the branches all winter if the birds would let them alone. This vine is never infested with worms or insects, and on this account it will be found very desirable.



CLEMATIS JACKMANII.

tral color, it makes a good background against which to display flowers of more brilliance. Its entire hardiness will make it popular among those who do not care to use annuals.

#### VINES ABOUT THE HOUSE.

A home without vines seems incomplete. It looks bare without their em-

The *Wistaria* is a magnificent vine in some sections of the country. At the extreme North it often dies back half the length of its last season's growth, and on this account it takes it a long time to reach a condition in which it is satisfactory. But south of New York I think it is hardy enough to stand the winters. It is a very rapid grower, often sending out branches ten and twelve feet long in a season. Its foliage is pretty, and its flowers are prettier. They are pea-shaped, borne in clusters nearly a foot in length, of a lavender blue shading to purple. It is difficult to imagine a prettier sight than a vine of *Wistaria*, clambering along the eaves of a house, and dropping its festoons of green and blue in the most graceful way from bracket and cornice. There is a white variety which is often planted with the blue, to afford contrast.

*Akebia Quinata* is a fine, hardy climber of twining habit, suitable for pillars of the veranda. It has fine foliage, and fragrant, chocolate-colored flowers.

*Bignonia Grandiflora*, better known as the Trumpet Creeper, is a fast-growing vine which gives excellent satisfaction. It has very pleasing foliage, and in August produces clusters of trumpet-shaped flowers of a rich red shading to orange.

The Honeysuckle is a lovable plant. You come to regard it as a friend. It is not as showy as some plants, but it has those sterling qualities which win and hold you. Its flowers are pretty and its fragrance delicious. It blooms throughout the greater part of the season. The Belgian is buff and orange-red in color. *Halliana* is pure white at first, changing to yellow. It is very sweet, and is one of the best varieties we have. The Japan variety has larger flowers than any other variety, of a pale, delicate yellow and pure white. It is a constant bloomer. The Honeysuckles are not such rampant growers as most other vines, and are therefore adapted to planting about verandas and porches where great growth is not required. They are excellent for training up about windows, where they can be made to form a screen of great beauty.

One of the most popular of all climbers is the *Clematis*. The variety most extensively grown is *Jackmanii*, an illustration of which accompanies this article and gives as good an idea of the habit and appearance of the vine as can be gained from mere black and white. Its flowers are five or six inches across, of a rich violet color, darkening into purple. It does not generally grow to a greater height than ten or twelve feet, but it branches with considerable freedom, and one plant will cover quite a trellis, and produce a good effect when trained about a pillar. It is also fine for training over wire fences. *Jackmanii Alba* is a pure white variety similar to *Jackmanii*, and is often planted with it in order to secure a contrast of color. *Grand Duchess* is a delicate rose color, a most lovely flower. *Madame Van Houtte* has immense flowers of white tinged with lavender.

Our native *Clematis Virginiana*, or Virgin's Bower, is one of the finest of all vines where grace of form and real beauty is more desired than a great show of color. Its flowers are white, of a feathery character, and literally cover the plant, making it look as if great flakes of snow had fallen on it and were held in place by their contact with the charming green foliage. While not as showy as *Jackmanii*, I consider it really more beautiful, and in every way as desirable.

#### TUBEROUS BEGONIAS.

One of the finest plants of recent introduction for the summer decoration of the greenhouse or window-garden is the Tuberous Begonia.

This class of Begonias has much to recommend it. The tubers can be kept over winter like the *Gloxinia*. Any room that is frost-proof and reasonably dry will take them through in good condition, if one chooses to take the roots out of the soil in which they grew during the summer. If you have a greenhouse, or a room in which you can store pots, a better way to winter them is to let the plants dry off in full, and after all the top has fallen, set the pots away without disturbing the tubers. Leave them until March or April of the following season. Then

shake the roots out of the old soil, repot them in fresh earth, water well, place in which will begin to bear flowers before they have reached a height of more than



TUBEROUS BEGONIA.

a light, warm place, and very soon the tubers will send up strong young shoots, five or six inches. Of course they cannot be expected to flower very profusely



at this early stage of growth. But by July they will have attained sufficient development of branches to give excellent results. From that time until October the plants will be literally covered with flowers of the richest imaginable colors, and nothing can be imagined that is finer for summer effects in the greenhouse, where we have but few flowering plants through the summer. The Gloxinia is a most beautiful flower, when well-grown, but it is sometimes difficult to grow it well, and many amateurs fail completely with it; but this class of Begonias is of the easiest possible cultivation. Whoever can grow a Geranium can succeed with this. Because of its ease of culture and its brilliant colors and profuse flowering qualities it must soon become a great favorite.

A good soil for it is composed of turfy matter, where leaf-mold is not attainable, loam and sand. Put an inch of drainage in the bottom of the pots. Pots five and six inches across will be large enough for ordinary plants.

Water about as you would a Geranium, and give an eastern exposure, if possible. If you have very sunny windows, provide some shade, as the intense heat of a mid-summer sun causes the flowers to wither before they ought to be past their prime.

These Begonias are both single and double. The single sorts are from one to two, sometimes three inches across, and remind one of butterflies with extended wings as you see them poised over the plants. True, they are not very much like a butterfly in form, and still they suggest that creature to you, partly because of shape and partly because of their rich colors. They range through all shades of red, crimson, scarlet, cinnabar, maroon, rose, yellow, apricot, peach, and violet to pure white. As each branch bears several flowers at a time, and every branch will be tipped with bloom, one can easily imagine what a brilliant sight a well-grown specimen is.

I greatly prefer the double sorts. They are like miniature roses. A branch of them is quite a little bouquet in itself. For the decoration of the dinner-table, nothing is finer than a pot of these Begonias,

when in full bloom. Cover the pot with moss, or hide it in foliage of ferns or lycopodium, and let the plant appear to be growing out of a mass of green, and the effect will be charming.

These Begonias are recommended strongly for bedding out. I have never tried them in the open ground, but in shaded locations I should imagine that they would give very pleasing results.

In purchasing tubers, do not take the cheap ones which are said by the dealer to be "as fine, doubtless, as the named sorts." The seedling sorts are far inferior, as a general thing, to the kinds which have been selected from choice strains, and given individual names.

#### SOME GOOD BORDER PLANTS.

A correspondent asks me to name a few really good border plants in time for her to make a selection for spring planting, and give some brief hints as to care required.

All border or herbaceous plants require a rich soil, made deep and mellow.

They should also be kept clean—that is, free from weeds and grass.

In the fall they should be given some protection. Old leaves can be raked about them, or coarse litter can be scattered over them.

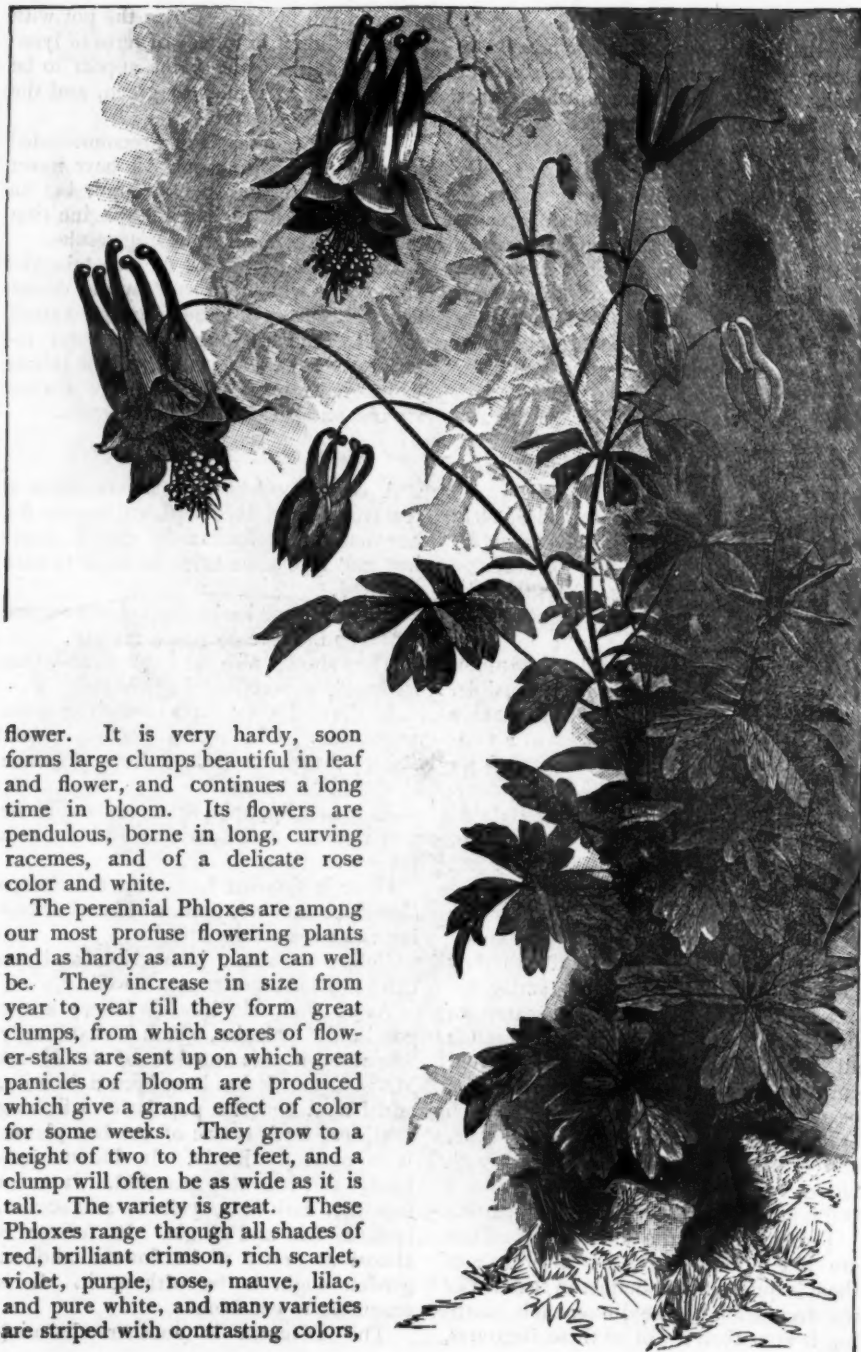
In the spring this covering should be dug into the soil to decay and act as a manure.

Once in three or four years the clumps should be divided, and all old and decaying roots removed.

Follow the above instructions and you can grow herbaceous plants well.

As to desirable kinds. There is the good old Aquilegias, which is charmingly illustrated in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE. It has long been a favorite, and I trust that its popularity will long continue, for it is one of our best plants. It is perfectly hardy. It blooms profusely, and it is very beautiful. It comes in white, dark-blue, yellow, and scarlet, both double and single. Its foliage is almost as pretty as its flowers, and no garden ought to be without it. It is charming to cut from.

The Dicentra is another charming



AQUILEGIAS.

flower. It is very hardy, soon forms large clumps beautiful in leaf and flower, and continues a long time in bloom. Its flowers are pendulous, borne in long, curving racemes, and of a delicate rose color and white.

The perennial Phloxes are among our most profuse flowering plants and as hardy as any plant can well be. They increase in size from year to year till they form great clumps, from which scores of flower-stalks are sent up on which great panicles of bloom are produced which give a grand effect of color for some weeks. They grow to a height of two to three feet, and a clump will often be as wide as it is tall. The variety is great. These Phloxes range through all shades of red, brilliant crimson, rich scarlet, violet, purple, rose, mauve, lilac, and pure white, and many varieties are striped with contrasting colors,



DELPHINUMS.

while others have dark eyes on a white ground, still others, a white centre on a dark ground.

The Delphiniums, of which an illustra-

tion is here given, are very stately plants. They reach a height, when well-grown, of five and six feet, and half their length of stalk will be thickly set with flowers.

The dark-blue varieties are wonderfully vivid and intense in color. In fact, we have no other flower of this color of equal richness. The white varieties are very pretty, but not as effective as the blue. For large groups, or a prominent position on the lawn, few flowers excel the Delphinium.

Perhaps, though, if it were left to the majority to decide, the position of honor

would be voted to the Hollyhock, which is, indeed, a grandly decorative plant. The lately introduced double varieties are very fine, ranging through almost the entire gamut of colors. They are double as roses, and a great clump of them in full bloom is a sight worth going a long way to see, and one not easily forgotten.

## THE SOUL'S FAREWELL TO THE BODY.

BY COSMO MONKHOUSE.

SO we must part, my body, you and I,  
 Who've spent so many pleasant years together;  
 'Tis sorry work to lose your company  
 Who clove to me so close, whate'er the weather.  
 From winter unto winter, wet or dry;  
 But you have reached the limit of your tether,  
 And I must journey on my way alone  
 And leave you quietly beneath a stone.

They say that you are altogether bad,  
 (Forgive me, 'tis not my experience),  
 And think me very wicked to be sad  
 At leaving you, a clod, a prison, whence  
 To get quite free I should be very glad.  
 Perhaps I may be so a few days hence;  
 But now, methinks, 'twere graceless not to spend  
 A tear or two on my departing friend.

Now our long partnership is near completed,  
 And I look back upon its history;  
 I greatly fear I have not always treated  
 You with the honesty you showed to me,  
 And I must own that you have oft defeated  
 Unworthy schemes by your sincerity,  
 And by a blush, or stammering tongue, have tried  
 To make me think again before I lied.

'Tis true you're not so handsome as you were,  
 But that's not your fault and is partly mine.  
 You might have lasted longer with more care,  
 And still looked something like your first design,  
 And even now, with all your wear and tear  
 'Tis pitiful to think I must resign  
 You to the friendless grave, the patient prey  
 Of all the hungry legions of decay.

But you must stay, dear body, and I go,  
 And I was once so very proud of you;  
 You made my mother's eyes to overflow  
 When first she saw you, wonderful and new;  
 And now, with all your faults, 'twere hard to find  
 A slave more willing, or a friend more true.  
 Ay, even they who say the worst about you  
 Can scarcely tell what I shall do without you.





### A CRUEL PRACTICAL JOKE.

BY LOUISE R. BAKER.

#### THE FAIRY'S THIMBLE.\*

BY HOPE STUART.

A THIMBLE for a Fairy, a blossom  
white as snow,  
Can she sew like common folks? I'd  
really like to know.

Does she use the silken cobwebs that glitter  
with the dew

To sew the rose leaves for her dress or  
lace her tiny shoe?

Does she wear the lady-slippers that grow  
'mid mosses green

And hold gay feasts and dances in the  
moonlight's silver sheen?

Does she hide with Jack-In-Pulpit when  
ugly elves go by

And blow on scarlet Trumpet Flower to  
call her subjects nigh?

Does she understand the stories the whispering  
pine trees tell?

Does she rock herself to sleep in a nodding  
Lily-bell,

And dance with shining fire-flies many a  
summer night,

Then hide beneath a toadstool-tent when  
breaks the morning light?

I would like to be a Fairy for one bright  
summer week,

I'd like to learn each dance and play,  
and hear them laugh and speak.

You are our little Fairy, child, you  
brighten every hour,

This world without the children would  
lose one-half its power.

\* A tiny white wild flower that blooms early in the spring.

THE shadows fell in long rows out from the walnut trees and waved regularly in the sunshine of the old playground. It was very warm out in the sunshine, for even the loved bat lay idle by the first base and a poor chicken, that by some unfortunate turn had strayed from the chicken-yard, was panting thirstily.

In the shadow of the walnut trees a knot of boys had gathered—not little boys, they could be heard screaming and yelling in the long, cool basement playroom—but six or seven of the fellows way up in the collegiate classes. There was Harvey, who would go off with flying colors in three weeks' time with the wonderful dignity of his A. B. about him; there was Danville, the Adonis of the school, six feet two inches in height and his eyes as "beautiful as marsh violets;" and there was little Tindall, merry and lighthearted and aged nineteen, quite content to be at the foot of the Greek class as long as he headed the races.

Harvey was perched in a dangerous position on the upper rail of the fence, which was altogether too weak for his one hundred and seventy pounds. Harvey was the wit of Raleigh College, and the boys from his class-mates down, especially down, honored and respected his position.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he cried from his dangerous site, "it'll be the success of the year! Air ye all in fer it, eh, lads?"

The assumed brogue was highly appreciated, and the lads answered in a breath that they were in for it.

"An' ba ye mane enough not fer to spaare the leetle mon's falin's?" cried the wit, and again the lads cheered him and ha ha'd over the thought of the "leetle mon's falin's."

Danville's lazy glance strayed to the sunlight and took in the idle bat and the panting chicken, and the boy sighed contentedly at the breeze that swept over him in a sudden sway of the foliage. "I say, Harvey," he exclaimed, "what will the fellows do next year without you!"

Harvey groaned dismally in pity at the desolation he would leave behind, and little Tindall burst into such a ringing laugh that "by George!" as Danville said, "he scared the chicken home to its mother."

Whatever might be the nature of Harvey's "latest" it kept them in busy conversation until the college bell clanged out impudently the hour of study, and even then, they passed beyond the shadows in a friendly cluster and continued during the afternoon to send noticeable nods and winks at one another over their books.

There never was a more beautiful home in the world for a pack of restless boys than Raleigh College. Cool and green the mountains rose precipitously at the back of it, and the valley lay below it broad and smiling. The splash, splash, splash of the college fountain made delightful music, and in the season of late spring-time the scent of the blossoming vineyard was wafted over the low stone garden-wall.

Up and down the back terrace a little old gentleman was slowly pacing. Once he paused and listened to the fountain and half smiled, and once he smiled altogether when a small truant dashed recklessly out of one doorway and fled into the darkness of another. This was "Monsieur," the French teacher. The boys said that he had "a frightful temper," and the French boys' translations of his ebullitions were something terrible to listen to.

"Monsieur du cuss an' swaw," Lascelle would exclaim. "Monsieur du cuss an' swaw awfool."

Now, although the boys did not believe Lascelle on ordinary occasions, they were willing enough to credit him in this. "He's French, and he ought to know," and then, Duvall and Adolph agreed that it was true.

"He make big sware," Adolph would declare, smiling broadly, "he make one awfu' big sware."

"He not hear himself," that was Duvall's excuse for his countryman and the source of innumerable jokes among his comrades.

One of the little French teacher's accomplishments, apart from his regular duties, was the engraving of names on pocket-knives, for which he very wisely made a small charge, "getting rich" the boys called it.

If Monsieur could not hear himself no more could he hear the boy who would advance in a business-like manner to his desk and, holding up a pocket-knife, ask respectfully, "Monsieur, are you a darned fool?"

"Yis, yis," the little man would say.

"How much will you charge for your wife?"

"Tin cints, tin cints."

Monsieur was very fond of the boys, though they might not know it. He quickened his pace a little on the back terrace to keep along with his thoughts. That boy darting out of the one doorway and into another had started them in a different direction. "Yis, yis, I gif 'em feets," he said to himself, laughing softly. "I gif 'em feets ofer an' ofer; but they air all goot boys."

The little French gentleman was very communicative to his classes. He would always let them know when there was any good news from home. They knew about the sister with nine children and that the "leetle gal eight year ole" could "spick English betta than her mamma." They knew, too, about the brother who was going to write a "grand book." But the little professor had unfolded a sad piece of news during the past week: his brother had died suddenly of a fever. Smith said that he had seen "Monsieur trying to take it hard but he couldn't come it," to "drivel out

a few tears for mon frère, but it was no go."

Later there came another piece of news from the voluble little man: his poor brother's belongings had been shipped to him. "It will be sad," Monsieur said to one of the older boys who was solemnly agreeing, "it will be vera sad, my poor brother! I was his favorite."

The communication of this bit of news caused a stirring up in Harvey's ingenious brain and was the moving spirit of his "latest."

Monsieur's sleeping apartment was way up in the fourth story. There was a narrow staircase leading to it. It was by no means an easy job to get a large trunk to the fourth floor, but it was a much more difficult matter to convey thither the huge box that arrived for Monsieur one damp and foggy Thursday morning. It took four stout men to carry it, and they were breathing hard. The little French gentleman walked ahead of them, his head bowed and his hands locked nervously. He wore spectacles, or one might have seen that the tears stood thick in his eyes.

It seemed as if a great many boys met the cavalcade; not little boys, they were out in the sunshine to-day making the ball-ground lively. Danville stepped hastily aside on the first flight of stairs and asked the little gentleman politely what it was that he had there.

"My poor brother's effects," said Monsieur, sadly.

Little Tindall, with boundless amaze in his blue eyes, stared at the big box and inquired innocently "what in the thunder it was," and looked sad and sorry over his thoughtless speech. Smith and Johnson and Duvall passed with the ready question, and Harvey very considerably waited on the landing in order that the men might get by.

When the huge box was at its journey's end and the door closed upon it, the boys came noiselessly up the steps again, one after the other, little Tindall tittering and the college joker with his finger to his lips.

"My! won't he swear!" whispered

little Tindall. "I say, you French fellow, you must be on hand to translate. Harvey, don't take all the hearing room!"

The round curly head of the wit was pressed against the door and his eye was at the key-hole. The French boy crept to the door, too; he was there to translate.

The little room into which Harvey's strained eye was staring seemed very light in comparison to the dark hall. The large box had been pulled to the middle of it and Monsieur was busily engaged getting out the nails.

"One board off," announced Harvey.

"No sware yet," whispered the French boy, "but wait awhile and oh! my!"

"Two boards off."

Duvall clapped his ear close to the door, his black eyes dancing. "No sware yet," he announced in a disappointed tone.

"All the boards off!"

"Well?" cried the boys outside of sight and hearing, "well?"

Harvey's voice was choking with laughter. "He's come to the old gum shoe."

"No sware yet," said Duvall, in a dumfounded way.

The little Frenchman had lifted off the boards carefully and reverently. He had taken hold of the first object that came to hand, a dilapidated gum shoe. Underneath and around the shoe were pieces of old iron, broken dishes, cast-off hats, and bits of rubbish of every description. He gazed down upon it in a stupefied way; he could not understand it all at once, he was so fond of the boys.

"No sware yet," whispered Duvall, again.

"Well?" repeated the boys, and commenced trying to get nearer the point of attraction.

But Harvey gave them a sudden push and turned about. There was a queer expression on his usually jolly face.

"I say," he began, "I thought he'd raise Cain, I did indeed. I say, it was rather a stupid joke after all. The poor old fellow is down on his knees and he's crying like a baby."

Without a word the boys turned and

crept shamefacedly down the long stairs, big strapping fellows some of them, of whom the college was so proud.

Years afterward one of them told the story. It was little Tindall, and his grandson was standing by his chair.

"Have your fun," said this other little old man gravely, "enjoy yourself while you're young by all means, but never play a cruel practical joke upon your fellow-creature, and most practical jokes," added little Tindall, with an emphatic shake of his gray head, "are from their very nature cruel and despicable."

#### ANOTHER SIDE OF THE DOG SHOW.

EXPERIENCES OF ONE OF THE MEMBERS.

BY GRACE MARGARET GOULD.

FOR about a month I have been holding my head a trifle higher than usual, putting on airs, I fear, and feeling that I was very much better than most of the dogs in our neighborhood. The cause of all this unusual behavior (because surely it is not natural to me), was that I expected to go to the dog show, and my expectations were realized, but, oh! so differently from what I had expected.

I am a Saint Bernard puppy, three months old, and am very large for my age, especially my feet. Possibly I am not quite as graceful as some of my friends, but I am highly bred and have a pedigree which is so long I can't imagine where it ends.

I have for an owner a very sweet little girl. She is really my best friend, though, of course, I cannot play with her as I would with another dog, because she is very frail, and I might hurt her. I love her very much, but I cannot be blind to her faults. I think they are not so much faults as peculiarities. There have been occasions when she has seemed to mistake me for a piece of furniture, for very frequently she is apt to sit on me, hard sometimes, too, and I don't just like it.

Then I know she thinks my tail is a door-bell, for she pulls and pulls it. I have sat on the stoop for hours trying to see the resemblance, but I can't pos-

sibly understand why she makes such mistakes.

My mistress has a dollie, but I don't like her very well. I think I am jealous of her; she is such a pink-and-white sort of a thing, with no "go" about her, and the way Helen pets and loves her is perfectly ridiculous.

The only time I ever really enjoyed being with her was one day when we were alone together in the nursery. Helen had gone out somewhere and left her on the floor. All she did was to sit there and stare, and I wanted to play of course, so I dragged her around the floor by her hair, just playing she was a cart. I knocked her around well, and shook her until both her arms came off. I should have gone on having more fun with her, but I heard Helen coming along the hall, so I dropped her rather suddenly and crawled under the table and pretended I was asleep. For some reason Helen's mamma whipped me very hard that night, but I can't imagine why.

Well, what I started to tell you about was the dog show. I had been dreaming about it for a whole month before it was time to go, and I considered it very fine to be going over to New York, and I pictured that Madison Square Garden in my mind in all sorts of beautiful ways. But, oh! the reality.

I never saw so many dogs. And throughout all my life the memory of the noise in that dreadful place will go with me.

I felt just as quiet and peaceful the morning I was brought there, but I hadn't been shut up in that horrid kennel, with a sort of a wire cage to the front, a half an hour, before I was so nervous I could hardly control myself.

So many dogs, so many people, and such a constant barking! it was something dreadful.

After a time, as I looked around, I saw that some of the dogs were very luxuriously cared for, having soft satin cushions and dainty mats in their kennels. All I had in mine was some straw to lie upon. Probably if I had had a satin cushion it might have had a soothing effect, for many of those other dogs curled themselves up and went to sleep. Just because



I am big people don't seem to think I need petting, but I am really very much of a baby, and I never was so homesick in my life as the two nights I stayed at the dog show. I did not remain as long as the other dogs, perhaps because I did not behave quite as well as I should.

One of the afternoons while I was there, when the man came to take me down to the place covered with dirt and fenced in at the other end of the hall, so I might run around a little, I just decided I wouldn't go in, it was no fun playing with dogs you didn't know, and generally they were so small I could hardly see them, or they were so large I was afraid of them, so I solemnly walked along beside him until we got to the gate, and then as he let go of the rope, which was around my collar, I just slipped away from him.

I ran all around and he ran after me. Of course, he could not catch me because I have four legs and he had only two. I saw more of the dog show that afternoon than all the other dogs put together. I am afraid I knocked down one or two little girls that were walking around looking at the dogs, but they were so small they ought not to have gone to a dog show any way.

I say it's no place for baby girls or baby dogs, either. Well, I certainly created a great disturbance. Very soon I got tired—I am so fat I get out of breath easily—and before I knew it, one of the men caught me and put me back in my kennel. I just cried and barked all night. I was so nervous I couldn't sleep. Then the dog doctor made me take some horrid kind of a powder, and altogether things were most unpleasant.

Helen came the next morning with her papa to see me, and they decided I should come home, and so I did, bright and early, before half of the dogs were brushed and combed.

#### TO THE GIRLS AND BOYS.

**A**MONG the letters received during the last month were two which require special mention. One writer desired to know who Major Waldron

was and for what he was famous, and to that we reply that the answers to the November history questions will be published in the February number and the wished-for information given then. The other letter, for a reason which it explains, we publish.

"DEAR EDITOR:—I would like to tell Sadie Rue that my father has been a cripple from a stroke of paralysis that he received when he was about nine years old, and it always makes me feel sorry to know of any one having to suffer from such an affliction. I read the HOME MAGAZINE and like it very much. My mother has been a reader of it for twenty-one years, and we all say may it and its Editor live. So, good-bye.

"Your friend,

"FRED AETZE,

"Little Valley,

"Catt. Co., N. Y.

#### PRIZE WINNERS:

October—Sadie D. Rue, Bell Haven, Va.

November—Gertie E. Peckham, Leon, New York.

December—Florence Crandall, Nortonville, Kansas.

Boys, what is the matter?—ED.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS—NOVEMBER.

11. Q. What is the year 1620 famous for?

11. A. The landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Mass.

12. Q. In what order and by whom were the New England States settled?

12. A. Massachusetts, by English Puritans.

New Hampshire, by the English.

Connecticut, by Puritans from Massachusetts.

Rhode Island, by Roger Williams.

Although Maine was settled about this time it was not recognized as a separate State or colony for many years.

13. Q. How many Indian wars were there up to 1675?

13. A. Four. 1, Indian massacre of 1622, in Virginia; 2, Pequod war in

1637; 3. Indian war with New Netherlands, 1643; 4. Indian war in Virginia, 1644.

14. Q. What led to King Philip's war?

14. A. The encroachments of the whites upon Indian hunting grounds and their growing power, convinced the Indians that they must either exterminate the whites or be exterminated by them.

15. Q. How long did it last, and what brought it to a close?

15. A. One year; the death of Philip, shot by an Indian deserter, closed hostilities.

16. Q. Who was Wm. Penn, and what is he remembered for?

16. A. An Englishman of high social standing who became a Quaker, and was persecuted for his belief. The King owed Penn's father a large sum of money, and, in payment, granted William Penn a large tract of land in the new world. This tract was named Pennsylvania. Penn laid out the city of Philadelphia in 1683. He also made a treaty with the Indians, who promised to live in peace and love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon should endure. This treaty "was never sworn to and never broken."

17. Q. What led to King William's war, and how long did it last?

17. A. War between France and England and the disputes concerning the French and English possessions in America. It lasted from 1689 to 1697.

18. Q. Who conquered?

18. A. The French and their Indian allies had the advantage throughout the war, but by the treaty of Ryswick, which closed the war, both sides held the same possessions they had at the beginning.

19. Q. Who were Major Waldron and Mrs. Hannah Dustin?

19. A. Major Waldron was a New England magistrate who had once treated the Indians cruelly, and when the war broke out many of the Indians were in debt to him. They gained admittance to his house by treachery and put him to death in the most barbarous manner. Mrs. Hannah Dustin was ill at the time her home was attacked, was taken prisoner with her nurse and her young boy, and

marched away with her captors. Having found out from the savages how to kill a person instantly, with the aid of two others, she killed their guard of ten Indian braves, escaped, and finally reached her home.

20. Q. What were the names, settlers, and date of settlement of the thirteen colonies?

20. A. 1. Virginia, 1607, by the English at Jamestown. 2. New York, 1614, by the Dutch at New Amsterdam. 3. New Jersey, 1618, by the traders at Bergen. 4. Massachusetts, 1620, by English Puritans at Plymouth. 5. New Hampshire, 1623, by English Puritans at Dover and Portsmouth. 6. Maryland, 1634, by English Puritans under Lord Baltimore. 7. Connecticut, 1635, by Puritans from Massachusetts. 8. Rhode Island, 1636, by Roger Williams at Providence. 9. Delaware, 1638, by Swedes and Finns. 10. Pennsylvania, 1643, by Swedes from Delaware; 1683, by English Quakers at Philadelphia. 11. North Carolina, 1653, by English emigrants from Virginia. 12. South Carolina, 1670, by English near Charleston. 13. Georgia, 1783, by English at Savannah,

#### HISTORY QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

41. Who was Molly Pitcher, and what battle was her name connected with?

42. What were the Wyoming and Cherry Valley massacres?

43. What were the most important battles of the years 1778 and 1779, and who were Paul Jones and Francis Marion?

44. What had Benedict Arnold been famous for before his treason, and what was the treason and its cause?

45. Who was John André, and why was he hung?

46. What were the chief events of 1781?

47. Why are September 3d, 1783, November 3d, 1783, November 25th, 1783, and December 23d, 1783, famous?

48. What happened in 1787?

49. What three events is the year 1789 famous for?

50. Who were the most famous American leaders in the Revolution?

## HOME CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY AUNT JEAN.

[At the request of many readers we have added this department, in which you can tell each other all the good things you know and want others to know. It is open to you all. Address all letters intended for it to Aunt Jean, care of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, Philadelphia, Pa.]

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which search through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere."

THERE are homes where every article of furniture, nay, the very folds of the curtains and æsthetically admitted light, seem to welcome you and invite repose, for home is woman's domain; it is her privilege, as well as duty, to fill it with cheer, kindness, welcome, *rest*. It is our aim in this little home corner of our home book, to carry out simply and faithfully that homely old adage, "Do all the good you can, in all the ways you can, to all the people you can." Hence, it is, we gladly welcome and cordially thank all the kind friends who are aiding us with letters full of helpful hints and practical suggestions. It surrounds our little circle with the dignity of Charles Kingsley's observation when he said: "Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book—a message to us from human souls whom we never saw, who live, perhaps, thousands of miles away, and yet on these little sheets of paper speak to us, amuse us, vivify us, teach us, comfort us, open our hearts as to brothers'."

We want the friends of the circle to feel free to tell each other the little domestic cares, economies, and achievements just as though they were actually chatting together with old acquaintances. A few weeks ago a lady asked to see through this department something about the care of infants, and under the head of "What should be done for baby," Mrs. Hogan tells us many things. Any questions about infants will be answered by Mrs. Hogan in this department.

### WHAT SHOULD BE DONE FOR BABY.

AT this season of the year it is difficult to prevent the little ones from catching cold. One of the quickest and surest remedies is lanoline—which is the purest sheep-fat that can be procured. For a head-cold, rub the nose and forehead well, and insert a little up each nostril.

For a severe cold, do this four times a day, keeping the child in two rooms of even temperature—from seventy to seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit, alternately airing and warming each room. As the cold decreases use white vaseline in the nose and rub with the lanoline as directed above, morning and night, until a cure is effected.

For a cough, rub the lanoline well into the chest and also between the shoulder-blades, twice a day. All bathing except sponging that is absolutely necessary, should cease. *Apropos* of the above, it is a subject too often overlooked that children must be dressed warmer than adults. Their power of resistance is less. The fashion of leaving a child's legs and knees uncovered cannot be too much protested against. It is positively injurious, and should never be allowed except upon a very few excessively hot days in summer. A little consideration is all that is necessary to convince any one that right here lies the root of many a cold and serious illness. The clothes should be loose and warm, the under-garments all wool for all seasons of the year, varying in weight according to the season of the year. For night wear, wool also should be used, but a little lighter in weight than for the daytime. In winter a thin wool skirt should be worn and a long flannel night-gown, with a drawing string at the bottom. This prevents the child from being uncovered even if the bedclothes are kicked off, as is often the case with restless children. For older children, night drawers can be substituted.

In summer a thin gauze shirt with or without sleeves, according to the weather, should be worn with a muslin night-gown. For cool nights, a light-weight cotton and wool flannel called domett will be found desirable for gowns. Its chief advantage is that it washes without shrinking.

The washing of baby's flannels is a vexed question for mothers—one authority says wash in very hot water, another says lukewarm, and still another advocates quite cool water—each one assuring the reader that theirs is the most satisfactory way. The one point they all fail to mention is what the temperature of the different waters used is the most important point. It is positively necessary that they should be of the *same* temperature, no matter what that temperature may be, to produce good results. A bath thermometer is convenient for this.

Dissolve a portion of good white soap, adding a little household ammonia to the suds. Wash but a few pieces at a time. Do not rub. Slip each piece up and down between the fingers and rinse quickly. Shake well after wringing gently, and dry in winter before a hot fire, or in a room that can be made very warm. In summer, or on very mild, sunny days between the other seasons they can be dried outside, but the nearer the temperature of the drying-room can be kept to the water, the less shrinkage there is.

Baby's bath is one of the most delightful of all cares in connection with these little tyrants. It should be given either in the morning, midway between two feedings, or in the evening before the last bottle and going to bed. The latter time seems preferable. Baby is generally tired out by this time and the relaxation produced by a warm bath brings refreshing sleep.

Have everything in readiness before beginning. It is well to have a low chair, an ordinary kitchen chair with the legs shortened, is as convenient as any, and is comfortable and steady.

There is a low-folding sewing-table to be had that answers every purpose for baby's dressing-table. Place on this all the little articles that you are likely to need—white vaseline, zinc ointment, tal-

cum powder and puff, alcohol, nail scissors, a china or paper basin of warm water, good soap, either Packer's tar soap or good old Castile, a soft piece of linen for baby's mouth, another for face and ears, a sponge, and plenty of soft towels, not forgetting Turkish towels. Use the baby's bath tub at first. An oblong tin one painted white inside is the best. Use this in the nursery, but as the child grows older you will find it perfectly practicable to change to the ordinary tub in the bathroom.

A child who is beginning to observe closely will much rather "have fun," "bath sim" (for swim), as one baby says, who is just beginning to talk, where there is lots of water and where splashing can be indulged in.

If this is done all preparations for the bath can be made in the nursery, which should be warmer than is comfortable for yourself. The tub should be ready before beginning, and if you make the temperature about ninety-six degrees Fahrenheit, using a bath thermometer to test this, you will find that by the time baby is ready for his plunge, the water will be of the proper temperature—viz., ninety-five degrees—that is, in winter. It can be cooler in summer, but in hot weather a warm bath is the most cooling and refreshing. First wash baby's mouth, face, and ears with the pieces of soft linen mentioned, being careful to use the mouth-rag for nothing else. If he objects, as is frequently the case, conjure up some new idea, as I have done by getting my boy to come to me at any time to see if his face is "clean enough to kiss." He instantly comes and turns up his little face, allowing me to do as I please, kissing me after I am through, when I dismiss him, with the words, that "now he is clean enough to kiss." He is only twenty-two months old, yet understands what I mean and is perfectly docile about it. In washing a baby's ears you cannot exercise too much caution. If there is any accumulation of wax, soften it first before attempting to remove it with a drop of either glycerine or vaseline, warmed, and then use only a cone of soft linen. Dry the ears thoroughly, but



gently, inside as well as outside, as a drop of water may cause serious trouble.

Many cases of deafness result from lack of care in this direction. Next wash the head with soap and water, being careful to protect the eyes from drops that may trickle over the forehead. This often causes sore eyes. Rub the hair dry and brush thoroughly. Then rub with warm alcohol and water, equal parts, to prevent a cold. Rarely use a comb, as it has a tendency to irritate the scalp and causes dandruff.

If the bath-room is used, now roll up baby in a warm blanket and carry him there for his plunge, taking care to have the room of the same temperature as the one he leaves. If this cannot be done the bath must be taken in the smaller tub in the nursery. In the majority of houses drainage is not what it should be, and for even the twenty minutes required for the bath, baby is better off away from drains of any kind.

Keep the body, when reclining, covered with water to the neck, allowing no more than five minutes for the tub. I find it convenient and less tiresome to have a blanket, covered with a Turkish towel, laid upon a chair directly by the tub. Here I place baby and cover him at once with Turkish towels, and pat and rub him dry, a little at a time. Then, using my hand, I rub him briskly with alcohol and water until every part of his flesh is in a glow. His band, shirt, and night-gown are put on next, and if in the bath-room, he is wrapped up in a blanket, head and all, and carried to the nursery, where all little attentions, such as powdering, using vaseline or ointment where needed, cutting nails, etc., are attended to. Be careful to give daily attention to both finger and toe nails. The finger nails should not be cut too short nor rounded very much for several years. The toe nails should be cut straight across and slightly rounded. This prevents ingrowing nails. If the nails show any sign of this trouble, cut a little triangle in the middle, almost down to the quick, and as this gap closes the nail will draw away from the corners.

In drying the feet be sure to dry and

powder between the toes to prevent chafing. After the bath is over baby is generally the hungriest and sleepest little mortal to be found, and will go to sleep without a murmur, if fed and put to bed at once. He should not waken until six or seven in the morning, unless a bottle is given at eleven; even then he need not be disturbed very much, as if a little care is exercised he will reach for and take his bottle without opening his eyes.

Always take the precaution of fastening the tip on the bottle with a rubber strap taken around several times.

#### AUNT RUSHA'S REMEDIES.

WHILE auntie was with us, we took her, one day, to call on Mrs. Miller, who lives just across the meadow.

Her little girl was suffering from a severe attack of dysentery.

"Have you any plantain?" auntie hurriedly asked.

"Oh! yes! plenty of it in the back yard," was the answer.

Before we realized what she was doing, auntie was out in the yard and flying in again with a handful of seed-stalks.

Cutting off the lower part of the stalks, she placed the seed in a basin and poured boiling water over it.

After the plantain-tea had steeped a few minutes, Aunt Rusha coaxed the child to drink some of it.

She urged Mrs. Miller to have the patient take the medicine often.

Auntie said that she had never known this remedy to fail in relieving the pain and other distressing symptoms that attend dysentery.

In summer the weed is nearly always at hand.

It is a good plan to dry a supply of the seed for winter.

Where one lives at some distance from a physician, such simple remedies are especially prized.

For a person afflicted with nervousness there is no food, auntie says, more nutritious than beef's liver. Cut the liver in slices, mash it fine, and fry in butter and lard.

So much useful information we learned from our visitor.

If, in case of an accident, gunpowder should become lodged in the skin, wet a cloth in vinegar, lay it over the affected part and change the cloth often.

The next morning prick the flesh where it has been wounded and remove the powder.

The same treatment is successful in extracting cinders that have been imbedded in the flesh.

When we were threshing, one of the men carelessly thrust a pitchfork in brother Fred's hand.

I was frightened, but auntie bound some wood-ashes on the wounded member.

The soreness was removed and all danger of inflammation was averted.

One evening father was showing a scar on his thumb, the effect of a felon.

"If you had applied a fly-blister as soon as you felt pain in your thumb," Aunt Rusha said, "you would have had no more trouble."

#### SOMETHING ABOUT WARTS.

**A**FTER the social at the parsonage last Thursday evening, Lily Freeman came and slipped her hand through my arm and walked along with me.

Lily is our church organist and a dear, fair little girl, dainty and modest.

"O Dorrie, dear!" she said, as we walked along, "you know a little of everything, I believe. Do tell me what I shall do to take warts off. Half a dozen have come on my hands lately, and I've tried everything I could hear of, even to stealing a dish-cloth to rub them with and throwing it away to rot, but the warts do not disappear. I am getting so that I can't bear to look at my hands."

I laughed at the superstition of the dish-cloth spell, but told her I could vouch for my own cure with more faith, as I had often tried it and never yet known it to fail if directions are faithfully followed.

And this is what you must do: Take a piece of common sal-soda, such as is used for cleaning purposes, and at night when

you go to bed, because that gives you the longest time for it to remain on, you must wet your finger in your mouth—don't laugh now, for this is the necessary way, as water will not do what the saliva does—and rub on the warts till they are wet; then rub on some of the soda, and rub it in two or three times and keep it on all night. Do this three successive nights, then wait three nights, apply three nights again, miss three, and apply again three nights if the warts are still there, which I never yet knew them to be. This generally removes them with but a few applications, and they do not return.

It makes no sore or scar or discoloration and is much better than any acid or caustic.

It is said that a daily application of castor oil will remove them in from two to six weeks, but I have never tried it.

#### THE POET'S CORNER.

BY HOPE STUART.

**I**T is a small house with none of the elegancies, and not all of the comforts of this world in it; but the people there are wide-awake, intelligent folks, with a great thirst and hunger for good reading. Some folks think books and papers are luxuries that they must do without, but to these good people they seem necessities that they must have. In this little house was an empty corner, and it really needed something there to make it seem cozy and pleasant, and the something must be evolved out of the odds and ends in the house. So the homemaker went to work and turned that corner into a fount of wisdom and pleasure. With a saw and a jack-knife she cut out two corner shelves from a large, smooth board. They were rubbed smooth with file and sandpaper, then stained; then trimmed with pretty home-made lambrequins, and then hung up by heavy cords. On the shelves were placed the few books of poems the house possessed, and whenever the money could be spared a new book of poems was added to the little pile. She had a few good steel engravings of some of the leading poets, and these were framed and hung up

above, and back of the top shelf. On one of the shelves she put a pretty card basket filled with photographs of other poets and writers. Then two scrap books were started. In one was pasted sketches of authors, of their works, or homes. In the other was pasted poems by any and every writer, new or old, all that were worth more than one reading. If the children want a piece to speak, or a quotation, or a bit of history about an author, they go to that corner. If the day is dark and gloomy, or the work looks like a mountain, or things go wrong, or if the nerves need a little tonic, or a neighbor comes in and ruffles the clear stream of thought with a bit of unkind gossip, then the mother goes to that corner, drops into that easy chair, and reads some good, sweet, wholesome truths. Sometimes only a few lines are needed to set the jarring strings in tune, or give the brain a new idea to work upon. No gossip grows from that corner, but many a little annoyance or trial has grown less or vanished under the magical

influence found there. Books and papers are found all over the house, and have their share of time and attention, but the "poet's corner" has this advantage for those that love poetry. A line or two can suggest so much; can open a line of thought that seemingly has no end. If one does not like poetry, they can have a historical or traveler's corner. All book-lovers cannot have a nice large library, but the cozy "corner" does seem a possibility.

Dreams, books are each a world; and books we know,  
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;  
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

Blessings be with them—and eternal praise.  
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—  
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

\* \* \* \* Books are yours,  
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies  
Preserved from age to age; more precious far  
Than that accumulated store of gold.

—Wordsworth.

## THE WANDERER.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

UPON a mountain height far from the sea,  
I found a shell  
And to my listening ear this lonely thing  
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—  
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How comes this shell upon the mountain height?

Ah, who can tell

Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,

Whether there cast when oceans swept the land,

Ere the Almighty had ordained the day?

Strange, was it not? Far from native deep,

One song it sang,

Sang of the mysteries of the tide—

Sang of the sea profound and wide—

Ever with echoes of old ocean rang.

And as this shell upon the mountain height

Sang of the sea,

So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—

So do I ever, wandering where I may,

Sing, O my home—sing, O my home! of thee.

—Library and Studio.



EDITED BY ELIZABETH LEWIS REED.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Miss E. L. Reed, Editor Woman's World, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We cordially invite our readers to ask questions in connection with this department, which we will endeavor to answer, and also to send us any suggestions which they may have found useful in their own housekeeping.

#### FASHION NOTES.

STYLISH COSTUMES FOR THE STREET  
AND HOUSE, OF CLOTH, SILK, ETC.  
ELEGANT AND SIMPLE FANS.

**M**ADE in heavy, rough goods a modified princess on just the right figure looks well with a fur cape, muff, and fur-trimmed hat. Such a gown has a "bell" back, one piece sides and front, with the latter lapped from the left shoulder to what would be the point of a bodice, then running up toward the left hip and continuing down the skirt, with fancy braid and buttons in clusters following the opening, also trimming the collar and wrists.

More elaborate street gowns of ladies' cloth, Bedford cording or camel's hair in the light shades have the various seams of the skirt lapped, stitched twice, and the hem finished in a like manner. The coat basque has lapped seams, is without hip seams and very long, with jacket fronts opening over a pointed vest of silk. Pearl buttons trim the sides of the coat and stitching ornaments the collar and wrists.

Broadcloth suits having three narrow bands of velvet around the skirt, also, have the velvet used for gauntlet or small cuffs, V-shaped plastron and collar. The fastening in front is done over the usual dart fullness, which is laid in fine plaits, stitched, with tiny straps of the cloth stitched and passed through buckles.

A dahlia-colored corduroy is worn for sleeves and skirt, with deep coat bodice of fawn broadcloth. Golden-brown cloth is accompanied by sleeves and skirt of a light tan shade, and *vice versa*.

A bride's street gown of French gray velvet is beautifully finished with moufflon fur pipings on the skirt, collar, wrists, and front of the coat, with a vest of lighter cloth embroidered in light "tapestry colors" with silk and beads.

Very serviceable dresses of gray, tan, brown, or blue mixtures are simply made up with a "bell" skirt and deep coat, with all edges stitched twice and the fronts fastened with shaded pearl buttons.

#### FOR TINY GIRLS.

Some successful effects in black and a color show a plaid rough goods cross-barred with black hairy stripes and a yoke and sleeves of black surah. Surah is more used for guimpes than any other silken fabric.

A pretty little morning gown for a blonde pet is of pale-blue cashmere made with a full back, shirred at the neck and a similar front, though the latter is partly held to the figure by No. 12 velvet ribbon, black, from the side seams near the arm-holes and brought to a point below the waist with a rosette. A wide sailor collar and turnover cuffs are of blue surah feather-stitched with silk.

Some cunning suits of white corduroy have a full vest of blue China silk trimmed with a knife-plaited frill down the centre. Small boys wear for best, such as weddings and children's parties, short jackets and shirts of tan or corduroy, with blouses of white or pale-blue silk, which give them an angelic look often at variance with the true nature.



White is worn, also much of light tan and pearl-gray, while navy-blue, brown, red and old-rose are seen sufficiently often to warn us that they are here. Broad collars and cuffs of white nainsook are worn with girls' house frocks of cashmere.

Party frocks of delicately-colored cord, crêpon or cashmere have a yoke of velvet covered with a frill of Irish point lace, thus dispensing with the long-worn white guimpe.

Silk blouse vests and sleeves are worn with jacket waists and skirts of plain or rough woolen goods.

Black satin and moiré rosettes and bows on colored frocks are newer than those of velvet ribbon.

Cunning ties for dancing-school are of the colonial design.

Black hose must be worn upon every occasion and with all suits.

Little girls wear a straight, rather wayward bang, and the hair in Dutch fashion, curled in at the ends, rather than divided in separate curls.

#### BOYS OF SIX TO TEN YEARS.

For boys from ten years of age there is a wild desire in every mother to put her boy in an Eton jacket, low-cut vest, and long trousers for best wear. It is entirely English and many young Americans rebel against the stiff-looking suit. Probably the next step will be to introduce them to the pot hat, which make the English lads resemble miniature old men.

The Chesterfield suit of knee-trousers, vest, and cutaway coat is worn for best occasions at eight years of age. A belted blouse and knee-trousers form a favorite garb at this age, when the boys are usually very active and not careful of their clothes; for that matter are they ever?

At six years of age the kilt skirt is forgotten and the knee-trousers become the only love, to be worn with a plaited Norfolk blouse for every day and a cutaway for best. In small checks and mixtures of no decided figure these suits never grow old-fashioned and are especially serviceable in navy, gray, and brown effects.

The double-breasted pea-jacket, is the favorite coat from six to fourteen years. A boy dressed too old for his age looks as much at sea as a woman dressed too young.

Fig. 1 illustrates a muff and hat to match made of velvet, ribbon, and fur. The jaunty arrangement of the ribbon



Fig. 1.

holding the muff is always to be admired. Cloth and fur could be used in the same manner, mixing velvet with the hat in the shape of a crown-band held by a jet, silver, steel or Rhinestone buckle.

#### DESIGNS FROM NEW YORK.

A rose-pink velvet evening toque having pearl embroidered crown, pink pom-

pon and white lace ears; long strings of pink satin ribbon.

Tiny hats of velvet dotted tulle overlaid with jet. Ear pieces of jet and loops of colored satin ribbon in front. Pompon of ostrich feathers in the back; strings of the satin ribbon.

Russian hat of dark-green velvet, with the entire skin of a tiny visor twisted around the brim, head and tail meeting at one side.

Broad felt brim turned up at the back; velvet soft crown, with a bow of satin ribbon in front of it holding the crown in soft folds; rosette of the ribbon on top of the crown and more loops and ends at the upturned back.

For an evening bonnet Parisians are wearing white satin, silver and pearl,



Figs. 2 and 3.

embroidery, aigrettes, tips, and satin ribbon.

Tiny toques and bonnets are made with a fully shirred brim of velvet, which is flexible and bent to suit the wearer's face. Such a style demands a quantity of soft, fluffy hair peeping from under the brim.

Figs. 2 and 3 represent a hat of felt trimmed with a succession of bows all around the crown and a few loops on top. A bonnet of chenille braided over wire, with folds of velvet around the edge; loops of ribbon in front and ribbon strings.

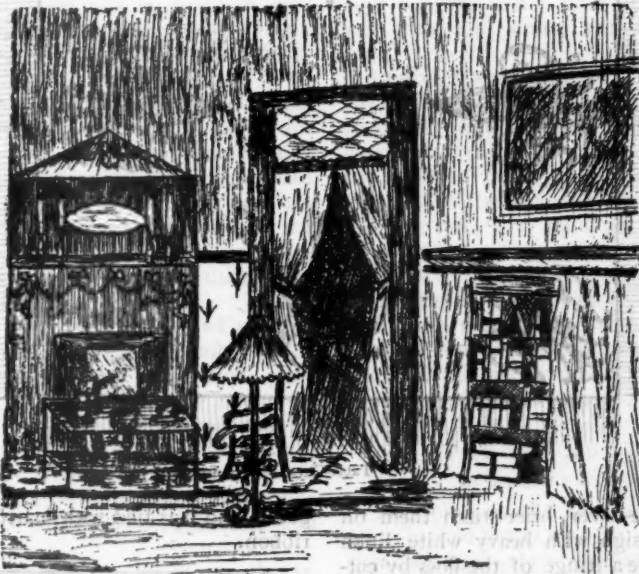
## MY LIBRARY.

BY MARIANNA MARTIN MORRIS.

FOR once in my life I confessed to myself I was stranded, when, on having had a house left to me by a distant relative, I went to inspect my new domain and see what my future dwelling-place required. I am fond of a pretty house; but, unfortunately, have not been blessed with much of this world's goods, and it is a hard task to make beauty and economy walk hand-in-hand, so when I saw the large, ungainly interior of the house and felt that here I must live, my heart sank, and I despaired of ever making anything cozy and homelike out of the bare, square rooms. However, I took courage, and first gave my attention to choosing a room for a library, for as that is the general sitting-room, I think one of the cheeriest, brightest rooms should be used for that purpose. I finally selected one with a southern and western exposure, and set about the task of endeavoring, economically, to ornament it. Thinking that perhaps my experiences may be of some use to the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE, I give a small sketch of one corner of my library, and will relate what success I met with in my economical schemes. First of all a paper must be chosen, and the ceiling of the room being high, the paper must be of a kind and tint to give it a lower effect. I finally decided on an inexpensive felt paper of a rich, warm, terra-cotta shade for the walls, and had a deep dado put around the room of a felt paper, matching the terra-cotta of the upper wall in color, and ornamented with large *fleur-de-lis* in oak colors. I then had an oak rail put around the room between the plain paper and the dado. The next thing was a fire-place and mantel, for according to my taste, a library must have an open fire. I had some difficulty in finding just the mantel to suit, but finally secured one of plain oak, ornamented with quaint little carvings of garlands of flowers, looped up with bows of ribbon, and when it was in place in one corner of the room, I felt that my library was in a

fair way to being the pleasant place I had planned. I next turned my attention to hangings for the room, and as my slender purse didn't allow velvet and silk, I purchased at an upholsterer's some denim of a terra cotta-shade, matching the wall-paper, and this material, having both a dark and a light side, I turned the dark

carpet. I set my small tea table before my wood fire and got a terra-cotta umbrella shade for my standing lamp, and when all was done and I sat and surveyed the work of my hands, I felt that I could welcome my friends to a warm fire and a cup of tea, in as bright and cozy a room as any one would wish to look at.



Corner of My Library. By M. M. Morris.

side to the room and turned up a hem of about four inches, thus making a most effective finish to my *portière*, and when they were hung from a lattice of oak, which had been made to fit under the door frame, I doubt if any one would have known that my hangings cost only fifteen cents a yard. For my book-cases I took packing boxes of wood, stained them oak color, stood them on end, and got the carpenter to nail shelves inside of them. Then I got little brass rods and put them across the front of my book shelves, and from them hung curtains of terra-cotta silkline, which costs about twelve cents a yard. I had the floor of the room stained oak and put over it, here and there, some inexpensive rugs of skins or

## HOME DECORATIONS AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

### TABLE-COVER.

THIS table-cover requires about two yards of blue denim (a blue material light on one side and dark on the other) which comes about twenty-eight inches wide, at twelve or fifteen cents a yard, but can be procured wider at upholstery stores, if a larger cover is desired. Cut the cover in a square of the required size and make a narrow hem on the light side of this material; then of the remaining yard or so of denim, cut eight *fleur-de-lis*, large or small according to taste and size of the cover, and laying them light side up on the dark side

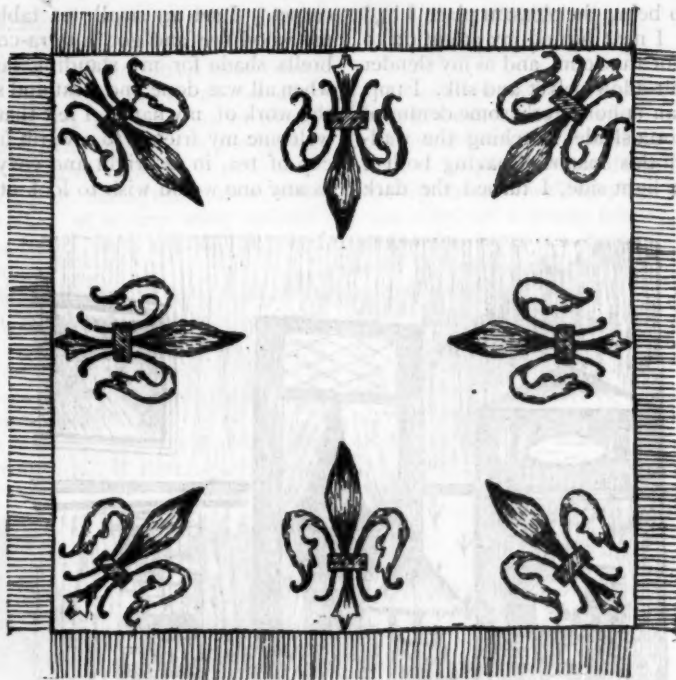


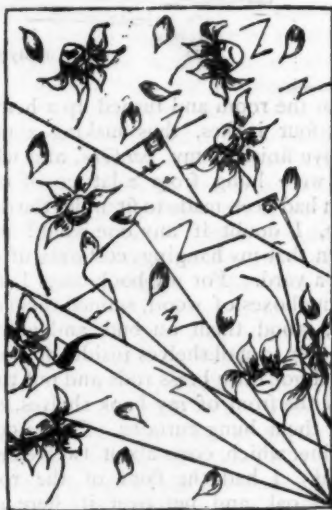
Table-Cover.

of the table-cover, brier-stitch them on like the design with heavy white linen floss. Make a fringe of the floss by cutting it in strips about fourteen inches long, double it and button-hole it through the cover just above the hem, and you have a most effective and cheap decoration for parlor or library table.

gold ; and it is tied with narrow yellow ribbon.

#### LETTER CASE.

A pretty letter case is made as follows: Take rough stiff paper and cut it thirty inches long by seven wide. Bend it carefully in the middle, and at each end bend back five inches, sloping as in illustration. Cut another piece of the paper seven inches long and slip within, and tie at each side with narrow ribbon. Paint some graceful design in water colors upon it and you have a dainty and useful ornament for desk or table. The model has conventionalized daises upon it with here and there dashes and zigzag lines of



Letter Case.



## RECIPES.

## GOOD, TRIED BREAKFAST CAKES.

BY ELLA GUERNSEY.

**RICE AND BREAD CAKES.**—Soak bits of stale bread in sour or sweet milk until soft. Cold boiled rice one cup, two cups of the bread and milk stirred together, one egg, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, one level teaspoon baking-powder, if sweet milk is used (or one-quarter teaspoonful soda if sour milk), flour stirred in to make cake batter thickness. Fry upon a hot griddle.

**OATMEAL AND CORN-BREAD CAKES.**—Crumb fine left-over bits of cold corn bread into sour milk. One pint each of cold boiled oatmeal and the corn-bread crumbs, add two beaten eggs, one cup sour milk, one-half teaspoonful soda, stir in sifted meal until a good pan-cake batter is obtained. Fry in small cakes upon a hot griddle.

**BREAD-CRUMB AND PARSNIP CAKES.**—One pint cold corn-bread crumbs soaked soft in sweet milk, one pint stewed parsnips left from yesterday's dinner, thoroughly mixed with the bread-crums, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful baking-powder, two well-beaten eggs and sifted meal to make stiff batter. Fry upon a well-greased griddle, quick, brown, and serve hot.

**CANNED CORN AND CORN-BREAD CRUMB CAKES.**—Canned corn two cups, one cup soft corn bread, crumbled fine, salted to taste. One cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful sugar, two well-beaten eggs, one level teaspoonful baking-powder and corn-meal sifted and stirred in until thick batter is obtained. Fry in oyster-shaped little cakes in a hot spider in hot lard or butter and brown crisp.

**BUCKWHEAT AND OATMEAL CAKES.**—Cold boiled oatmeal one pint, two eggs well beaten, one cup sweet milk, salt to taste, add one teaspoonful baking-powder and buckwheat flour, stirring well until a thin cake batter is obtained. Fry quickly upon hot griddles and serve smoking hot with the conventional honey accompaniment, or melted brown sugar.

**LEMON CREAM.**—One quart milk, four eggs, one cup sugar, one ounce gelatine, soaked in a small cup of cold

water, one large lemon, or two small ones. Soak the gelatine one hour. Heat the milk to boiling, and pour it on the sugar and beaten yolks. Put back on the fire, and stir in the gelatine. Cook five minutes, take from the stove, flavor with the juice of the lemon and half the grated rind, and when it is cold and begins to stiffen, stir in the whites of the eggs whipped stiff. Pour into a mold, wet with cold water, and serve when firm.

**LEMON MERINGUE CUSTARD (Baked).**—One quart milk, five eggs, one tablespoonful butter, one cup sugar, one teaspoonful corn-starch, two lemons. Beat the yolks of the eggs light, and stir into them the butter creamed with the sugar, and the juice and rind of the lemons. Dissolve the corn-starch in the milk, and add this to the other ingredients. Bake in a buttered pudding dish until the custard is set, then cover it with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs whipped stiff with a quarter cupful of sugar, and brown very lightly. Eat cold.

## SPONGE PUDDING.

BY MARION HARLAND.

Two full cups of flour, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one cup of powdered sugar, six eggs—the whites only—whipped stiff, two cups of milk, one teaspoonful of rosewater or other colorless flavoring extract, one full teaspoonful of Cleveland's baking-powder. Rub butter and sugar to a cream, stir in gradually the milk, then the frothed whites, lastly and very lightly, the flour which has been sifted twice with the baking-powder. Bake in cups or a mold. Eat hot, with liquid sauce.

## CORRESPONDENTS.

**MINNIE T.**—To remove mildew stains, soak the article in milk forty-eight hours, or rub with lemon juice and salt.

**MILLIE B.**—For a small home wedding I should advise a gown of white India silk very simply made, with or without a veil. If you wear a veil it should be of tulle. Bridesmaids may wear any color desired.

## A SCHOOL OF FICTION.

BY OUR CRITICS.

The editors of this department will be glad to receive communications and suggestions from those interested in the subject, and to answer questions. All communications should be addressed to Editors of School of Fiction, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**M**R. FRANCIS HOWARD WIL-  
LIAMS, the author of *Atman*, a novel which appeals especially to lines of the occult and supernatural aside from the interest of a well-constructed story, and of other works, critical and creative, thus delightfully unfolds his views in reply to the question, "What constitutes good fiction?"

I do not imagine that individual opinions as to "What constitutes good fiction" are likely to have much weight with people whose minds are made up on the subject, but since you ask my views I will briefly say that a true notion of what fiction is can best be obtained by considering what it is not.

1. It is not a narration of facts. That is journalism.

2. It is not a transcript of realities. That is photography.

3. It is not the statement of an episode or the stringing together of a series of episodes. That is history.

4. It is not the portrayal of life through action. That is drama.

5. It is not the mere expression of human emotion or of the symbolism of nature. That is poetry.

A good work of fiction should possess the quality of a story—namely, it must have a beginning, a middle, and an end. It should have a distinct plot, to the working-out of which all the minor incidents should contribute. The unfolding of the plot should be a continual development; that is to say, there should be no falling-off in the complexity of the dramatic situation. Anti-climax is the most heinous of artistic sins.

The characters should be drawn with distinct (but not hard) outlines. The coloring should be somewhat higher than

that of nature, not because nature can be improved upon, but because artistic conditions are not natural conditions, and a work of art must always be viewed under artistic conditions. The characters in a novel require a "make-up" just as certainly as the characters upon a stage. The true artist is he who understands the precise degree of exaggeration necessary to the proper effect, and who never permits this exaggeration to approach the point of caricature. The writer who simply reports life as it is cannot be called a novelist, even though he be master of a polished style and diction. It is to be remembered (1) that realism is not reality, and (2) that reality is not truth. Hence the realist is at least two removes from truth.

A work of fiction should not be written with any conscious ethical purpose, nor with the idea of enforcing any dogma, doctrine, or philosophical theory. If any "moral" is to be derived from the story, it must be the natural and inevitable outcome of affairs, and must be found by the reader. The writer's sole duty is to give pleasure, and if he be true to the law of Beauty (which is the law of Truth), the pleasure given will be of an elevating and noble kind.

From a valued contributor, we have the following expressions with regard to School of Fiction:

I think it an excellent help to young authors and it is so kindly conducted as not to crush their hopes and aspirations.

It has always seemed to me not unreasonable to expect some little word of commendation if the article is not totally unworthy of publication *somewhere*, and I dare say many a rare flower would have bloomed in the garden of literature had not the cold printed formula of "not available" nipped it in the bud.

As a contributor, I should like to start a "School for Editors," sometime. What right have they to keep a seasonable

article over-time to send it elsewhere, when stamps and appeal from writer have accompanied the MS.—and with plenty of time to read and return it? I am not scolding at “Arthur’s,” we have been too good friends too long—but there are such editors.

In the January School of Fiction there is a letter from a writer who *does* and *does not* like the new department. He objects to the publication of the names of characters and the titles of stories, yet holds the opinions of our critics to be invaluable to inexperienced contributors.

He asks us to give him advice on a MS. without betraying names or title, which request is accompanied by a “key,” wherewith he proposes to unlock a combination arrangement of his own and to keep the public out of his secret.

We are to “let A. D. F.” (suggestive initials!) “stand for the title.”

1. Represents the hero.
3. Represents the hero’s intimate.
4. Represents the president of a company.
5. Represents the hero’s father.
6. Represents the hero’s mother.
7. Represents the hero’s sister.
8. Represents a number of miners.

There is no objection to this plan from the author’s point of view. Armed with his key, and knowing all that lies beyond the ken of those who have not read the story, he finds no difficulty in distinguishing at a glance between 5 and 7; it is perfectly comprehensible to him why 8 speaks in the plural, 3 in the singular, etc. Nevertheless we believe he will be surprised at the effect of his figures upon an isolated sentence.

“Mrs. 6, after their return to the hotel, whither I had accompanied them to dinner, told him of his 5’s great change, and how it all came about, through his little 7, who, being her 5’s favorite, had coaxed,” etc., etc.

If this does not savor of burlesque, then have we no perception of the ridiculous. The story is fairly good and deserves better treatment at our hands than it can receive just now. We have followed

the course laid out for us merely to prove that it is impracticable. The School is not for the advantage of any single author; others are expected to reap the benefit of criticism purposely written, so that faults of plot; style, or grammar may stand out plainly for all who care to read.

#### THE HERO OF CONEMAUGH.

In this short MS. is material for a thrilling and most touching story of life and adventure. As the sketch stands, however, it can scarcely be called a romance. The situation and incidents are briefly recorded of the woman left a widow after the battle of Bull Run, of the care and devotion of her dutiful son, of his humanity to the colt, of the manner in which he was rewarded for his kindness to the dumb creature by receiving it later as a gift from the generous owner, all of which, as here given, savor somewhat of George Washington and his experiences with the colt and the cherry tree, and also of the Sunday-school literature of the early years of the century. These incidents, with the stirring description of the Conemaugh disaster and the young man’s heroic sacrifice, supply the ground-work or skeleton for an admirable novelette. The artist’s hand alone is needed to supply some details, and to work up the excellent material into a romance, through which living characters shall move and speak, carrying the reader with them as only living characters have the power to do.

We can readily fancy what an interesting story Miss McClelland would construct from such incidents, her active and vigorous imagination reveling in stirring scenes, and the wildness of the elements as exhibited in her description of the great flood, in the opening chapters of *Oblivion*, and in the rescue of the beautiful lady who was carried down the river by the rushing waters.

The author of “How Summer came to Sara Munro” expresses himself as very grateful to the School of Fiction for its

commendation of the good points in that story. Such praise, he says, encourages him to correct the faults pointed out by our critic. When thus amended it may be that our readers will make the acquaintance of Mrs. Munro and Miss S'manthy in a later number of the Magazine.

Meanwhile, we have another MS. by the same writer, with some of the same faults, and not so many merits as the former story. Then, why accept *Tom's Queer Ghost* if it is inferior to the rejected?

Because it is told in perfectly comprehensible language—which the other was not. Second, the alterations are so trifling that they can be made by us, and, finally, we want our public to decide whether the good preponderates over the bad in a story which, if it does not rise above, yet does not fall below the average.

As we are asked to criticize it without "giving away" the plot, we begin by objecting to a too-free use of adjectives—to a tendency to loiter by the way when action, swift and unhampered, would be more effective as well as more natural. The author has a Southern luxuriance of fancy, too, that tempts him to paint the lily, to gild refined gold, and add a good many hues to the rainbow.

This occasionally leads him into blunders that ought to be self-evident. For instance, "And round about, dark cedars, weeping-willows, and clumps of holly and laurel form awful groups of

shadows through which the wind steals with unearthly whisperings."

Now, the wind cannot conveniently steal through shadows, even when the shadows form awful groups.

"The scene is so unspeakably dismal," should be: "The spot, or the place is so unspeakably dismal."

Then, when the boy is whistling to keep up his courage, the old desire to dwell too long on a good thing gets the better of our author; instead of contenting himself with a suggestion of human companionship in the whistle, he goes to the extreme of saying that it (the whistle) "quickly recovers itself, and giving him (the boy) a push."

That a thing so airy should become endowed with muscle and sinew is manifestly absurd, of course.

Again:

"The wind stirring the bushes causes the pale headstones among them to appear in motion," would be clearer without the superfluous words which we italicize.

"Those rustling footsteps worse dreaded," etc., is bad, very bad. *More* is the proper word.

Miss M. G. McClelland, whose letter in the January School of Fiction afforded the author of *Tom's Queer Ghost* so much pleasure, once gave an aspirant for literary fame a piece of advice which is also peculiarly applicable to the present case:

"Whenever you write a sentence that seems to you particularly fine, strike it out."

#### WOMAN'S SPHERE.

THEY talk about a woman's sphere,

As though it had a limit;

There's not a place in earth or heav

There's not a task to mankind giv

There's not a blessing or a woe,

There's not a whisper yes or no,

There's not a life, or death, or b

That has a feather's weight of w

Without a woman in it.





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FRANK E. MORRISON, . . . . . Manager.

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VOL. LXII.—14

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS—OLD AND NEW.

We get so many letters asking questions that it is impossible to answer by mail, so we propose now to answer a great many by saying:

*Every subscriber*, old or new, will get twelve pattern orders during the year, no matter what other premium they may have taken.

All *new* subscribers are entitled to *three months free* if sent in *before April 1st*, provided they do not take some other premium. If they subscribe for any other paper or magazine at our clubbing-rates, we can *not* give the three extra months.

We send each person who sends a remittance of fifty cents or over a receipt, but as a single mail frequently contains over one thousand letters it may be two weeks before you get it, as we cannot possibly keep up with our work this year, although our office force is four times as large as last season.

Other papers, magazines, and premiums are ordered just as soon as possible, but delays will occur that can't be avoided, and the other publishers are probably just as busy as we are.

THE NEW NAVY OF THE U. S.

Next month we intend to give our readers a treat, by publishing a handsomely illustrated article on the new warships of the U. S. Navy.

We do this by request, as the picture of "*The Chicago*" in our January Magazine created a desire to see the rest of these splendid vessels, particularly as there seems to be a possible chance of testing their usefulness in a war with Chili, if that nation does not apologize for its treatment of our sailors.

## OUR NEW SERIAL.

It is with great pleasure that we announce that we shall begin in March the publication of what will undoubtedly prove the American novel of the year.

It is from the pen of that talented young author, Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte, editor of *The New England Magazine*, of Boston, and has been written expressly for our readers. It has been known for some time that Mr. Harte was writing a novel, and great curiosity has been excited among the literary critics to know when and where it would be published. It is called "A Modern Sophister" and is wonderfully well written, but you can see that for yourselves when you read it.

## WHAT SHOULD BE DONE FOR BABY.

Under the above heading we have begun a series of articles by Mrs. Lousie E. Hogan, who is well known to many mothers by her excellent articles in other magazines.

Mrs. Hogan will be pleased to answer any questions, and may be addressed care of this Magazine.

In the December issue of our Magazine it will be remembered we had an illustrated article entitled "Charity's Christmas," by Mrs. Genl. J. C. Pemberton, in which both author and artist sought to show the blessings that might fall to the lot of the very poor children, by the judicious gifts of the more fortunate. We accompanied the article by a call for contributions for the poor of *this city*, and we have to thank Mrs. J. E. Reilly, of this city, for a very generous donation of money, and others, whose donations, though smaller, were given with the same hearty spirit.

For one week almost every mail brought some token that the Christmas chimes were about to clamor forth in the name of a little Child the old story of peace and good-will.

A band of school children in Washington, Pa., clubbed together and sent us

a box of toys, books, warm caps, etc. From a club of girls in far-off Minnesota came a handsome box of dolls. From one little doner, *unknown*, came a small, much-thumbed puzzle, and *eight cherished pennies*.

The Children's Aid Society of this city kindly took charge of dispensing our collection, and we feel sure that the little folks who gathered together the dolls and other toys would have been amply repaid could they have witnessed the happiness of the eager recipients.

## MONEY IN CABBAGE AND CELERY.

"Blood will tell." Good crops can not be grown with poor strains of seed.

For sixteen years Tillinghast's Puget Sound Cabbage, Cauliflower, and Celery Seeds have been gaining in popularity. The most extensive growers all over the Union now consider them the best in the world. A catalogue giving full particulars regarding them will be sent free to any one interested. When writing for it enclose 20 cents in silver or postage stamps and we will also send "How to Grow Cabbage and Celery," a book worth its weight in gold to any grower who has never read it. Address

ISAAC F. TILLINGHAST,  
La Plume, Pa.

## AGENTS WANTED.

We are exceedingly anxious to increase our circulation as rapidly as possible and will make very favorable terms with any one who will devote a certain amount of their time to securing new subscribers for this Magazine. There is not to-day a magazine published in the English language that gives its subscribers as much for the money as ARTHUR'S NEW HOME.

It is easy to get subscribers for it if you try. Send us the names of any of your friends and tell us that you will ask them either personally or *by letter* to subscribe, and we will send them a copy by return mail free.



